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WIDENER



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POEMS

OF MANY YEARS AND MANY PLACES



BY A LIFELONG

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THIS VOLUME IS PRESENTED
BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN IN HIS OLD AGE,
WHOSE GREATEST JOYS AND HEAVIEST SORROWS,
WHOSE BRIGHTEST ANTICIPATIONS
AND BITTEREST DISAPPOINTMENTS, WERE EXPERIENCED IN
BRITISH INDIA,
A COUNTRY WHICH HE WILL LOVE TO THE LAST HOUR
OF HIS LIFE.

London, July 1, 1897.
Act. 76.

POEMS.



FAREWELL TO INDIA.

The abrupt end of a prosperous career.

POEMS

OF MANY YEARS AND MANY PLACES.

1836—1897.

BY A LIFELONG THINKER AND WANDERER.

Robert Newham Esq.

SECOND SERIES.

Omnis
Votivâ pateat, veluti descripta tabellâ,
Vita senis.

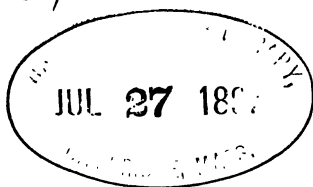
Πολλὰ δὲ μερμήριζε κατὰ φρένα, καὶ κατὰ θυμόν.

For Private Circulation.

HERTFORD:
STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1897.

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The Author

HERTFORD
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TO MY ONLY SON,
ROBERT HENRY HOBART,
THESE POEMS,
WHICH ILLUSTRATE UNINTERRUPTEDLY
HIS FATHER'S LIFE,
FROM BOYHOOD AT ETON TO OLD AGE,
THIS BOOK IS
Dedicated.

Easter Day, 1897.

P R E F A C E.

IF anyone exclaims "Quorsum haec tam putida?" I ask him to lay the book down : he cannot have purchased it, for it is not for sale. I regret that it is not to his taste, and there the matter ends.

If, however, anyone seriously finds fault with the Greek and Latin Poems of the first Part, be it remembered, that many of them were "sent up for Good," or "sent up for Play," in the first three years of the reign of Queen Victoria, by Dr. Hawtrey, Head Master of Eton, who was no mean judge. They represent the level of excellence of that period. They were appreciated in the first half of the present century, if not so at the close.

So about the Translation into Sanskrit Slokes of a portion of the Sixth Book of the "Æneid" : the great Sanskrit Scholars, Horace Hayman Wilson, and Francis Johnson, awarded high praise to them in 1842. I desired very much to find a scholar, old or young, who would before they went to Press go carefully through them, as a work of poetic Translation from one language into another, and I could find no one. If anyone thinks that the lines are really bad, let him sit down and write a fresh Translation, and I shall appreciate it sympathetically.

As to the book generally, I can only refer to pp. 268-271, the "Farewell to my Muse," as an evidence, that it has been the great joy of my life : whether in an English Home, or in foreign countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, in the Ocean-Steamer, or the River-Boat, on the horse or the elephant, in the Railway, or Dawk-Ghári, on the field of battle at Múdkí, in my Oriental

PREFACE.

office, or my Oriental garden, in solitude, or company, in joy or affliction, in boyhood at the age of 16, in old age under the weight of 76 years, it has been one of the comforts of my existence. It has done for me what I suppose, that pig-sticking, snipe-shooting, cigar-smoking, and card-playing, have done for others : helped to make life endurable ; but the ashes of my cigars, one or two cards of my pack, and a dead snipe or so, in my case survive, and I may, perhaps, leave footsteps in the sands of time, which may help a brother to take heart under overwhelming domestic affliction, disappointed Ambition, and a career cut off prematurely, while the foot was on the threshold of Usefulness and Honour.

In 1887 I published 250 pages of ninety-four "Poems of Many Years and Many Places," being selections from my MS. Books, I now publish a Second Volume of 280 pages, comprising one hundred and fifty-eight Poems, the latest in date being written, while the earlier ones were passing through the Press.

The sixty years cover precisely the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. At page 4 is a copy of Latin verses, addressed to Princess Victoria of Kent on her coming of age (18 years) on May 24, 1837. Happiness and Greatness were anticipated for her, which some of us have lived to see more than realized. At page 274 these lines occur :

"The Proclamation of Victoria's reign

Seems to us just as something done last night."

Eton boys of that period knew well the figure of the little Princess, the Hope of England, when she came to visit her uncle, King William IV, at Windsor Castle. Some of us used to be asked to Children's Balls, given by Queen Adelaide, and it was a supreme object to dance in the same quadrille with her. When she became Queen, we saw the crown placed on her head in Westminster Abbey : we saw her on horseback reviewing the troops in the Park, or in her visits to Eton on Election-Day, or Montem-Day. On the day of her wedding

PREFACE.

she passed through Eton on her progress from London to Windsor, and stopped her carriage to look at the illuminations of welcome, which Eton Boys had erected, and we accompanied the carriage up to the very gates of the Castle. It is not without deep interest, and heartfelt gratitude, that I publish this book in her sixtieth regnal year, and the seventy-eighth of her blameless life.

At page 10 is the Poem written in Balliol College Hall, while the late Chief Justice Coleridge, Bishop Mackarness of Oxford, and Dean Bradley of Westminster, were sitting at another table writing on the same subject : the late Archbishop Tait was one of our Examiners. Further on, at page 30, is a Translation of Byron's "Dying Gladiator," written, if my memory does not fail me, in the great Library of Eton College in 1840, when William Ewart Gladstone, and his brother-in-law the late Lord Lyttelton, examined us for the Newcastle Scholarship, and placed me and Professor Goldwin Smith, with others, in the Select, for which honour I thanked Mr. Gladstone half a century later, when he was Prime Minister.

Throughout the whole two volumes of Poems which I have published appear and reappear the great names of the Sanskrit Poet Kálidása, the Persian Poet Hafiz, the names of the Latin Poets Horace and Virgil, and of some of the Greek Poets ; also the well-known names of Goethe and Bürger, Corneille and Béranger, Shakespeare, Longfellow, Tennyson, Pope, Byron, Moore, Cowper, Thackeray, Haines Bailey, Lord Houghton, and others, who have been the companions of my Indian solitude, and the anxious hours of rule of Subject Provinces, and of my English old age, amidst the severe study of the Religions and Languages of the Human race.

"Spero trovar Pietà, non che Perdóno."

(PETRARCH.)

Easter Day, 1897.

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PART I.

BEFORE INDIA.

1836-1842.

ON THE DEATH OF MY ELDEST SISTER,
ANNA MARIA FRANCES,

September, 1836.

I HAVE been by her side in her happiest hour,
When gladness enlivened the scene ;
But still she was mindful, that Death's cruel power
Was always at hand though unseen.

I have sate by her bed, as she wasted away,
Though trying to vanquish her pain :
Though now she would sigh, and now she would pray,
I never have heard her complain.

I have stood with the rest at her funeral bier,
When the grave did receive back its own,
When many an eye was bedewed with a tear
For a daughter, a sister, just gone.

Yet why should we weep ? To so blameless a life
Reward from the Lord will be given :
Released from the cares and the frailties of life,
Let us think of her spirit in Heaven.

Eton College, October, 1836.

*TRANSLATION OF MAÏSON'S EPITAPH ON HIS
WIFE IN BATH ABBEY.*

SUME datam nuper, sanctissima terra, maritam,
Heu, nimium durâ conditione meam :
Quae, medicas quando per me defertur ad undas,
Colla super vanam languida flexit aquam,
Et periit : legitis pulchrae, legitisne, puellae ?
Natus ab hôc agitat funere corda timor ?
Mortua nupta loqui, tumulto melos ede, Maria,
Divinum ! e coelo vox tua suavis erit !
Ut pariter castae pariter sine labe reservent
Omnia conjugii jura, sacramque fidem.
Sique ita formosae, doceas ita ferre decorem,
Parque tuae pietas fiat, et aequus amor.
Dic, licet horrendam timeat mens provida mortem,
(Et tua pertimuit) : cum tamen acta via est,
Altius aetherii reseratur janua coeli,
Unde suum virtus possit adire Deum.

Bath, 1836.

EPIGRAM ON THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR.

- (1) Insula me genuit : post septima frigora bello.
(2) Optatas fines Insula penè dedit.
(3) Insula tot memorat caedes, tot damna suorum.
(4) Insula venturis omina prima dedit.
Insula (si propriè Pelopis sic dicimus agros)
Omnia passa malis omnibus auctor erat.

(1) Corcyra. (2) Sphacteria. (3) Corcyra. (4) Melos.

Cockayne Hatley, 1837.

*EPIGRAM ON THE DINING-ROOM CHIMNEY-
PIECE OF LEASOWE CASTLE:*

Made of Ocean-Drift, the sport of the Four Elements.

Tellus me genuit : post secula plurima Venti
Trusère in Pelagum : nunc tamen Ignis habet.

Cockayne Hatley, 1837.

*ADDRESS TO PRINCESS VICTORIA OF KENT
ON HER COMING OF AGE, 1837.*

GENTIS spes magnae, centorum filia regum,
Angliaci salve lucida gemma soli !
Littora te patriae, tumidâ praecincta coronâ,
Hostili ingressu littora tuta, vocant.
Te gens Mavortis vocat haud ignobilis armis ;
Tu precibus patriae, Diva, secunda veni.
Namque tuum suadet nomen Victoria laudes,
Victricesque premit gloria certa manus.
Bis tibi nunc nonae cursu rediere Decembres,
Et solitum totidem Sol renovavit iter.
Foeminaque incedis, mutatâ sorte puellae,
Et tua foemineas mens capit usque vices.
Jamque Britannorum quantum regnare per oras,
Quantum sit populum flectere, discis opus.
Certè digna tuâ splendet fronte corona ;
Sunt tibi, quas possunt sceptrâ decere, manus :
Ingeniumque tibi, materni et pignus amoris
In cunctas vitae mens bene docta vices.
Quippe fluit venis clarorum sanguis avorum,
Praeteritoque patris pectus honore tumet.
Priscus Honor, Virtus, illaesaque Fama, per annos
Dote tuâ veniunt, intemerata Fides.

ADDRESS TO PRINCESS VICTORIA OF KENT.

Aemula sis Tyriae peregrinis virginis oris,
At careat regnum fraude, doloque, tuum.
Quaeque olim (vivax semper sit nomen Elisae)
Angliacum tenuit regia virgo solum.
Georgius et longum famâ porrectus in annum
Det tibi cum regnis patris honore frui.
Musa silet, nequit et venturas dicere laudes,
Qui tua (Dii faveant) regna coronet Honos.

Eton College, May 18, 1837.

TRANSLATION OF A PERSIAN EPIGRAM.

Te natum aspiciens, nudum, gremioque jacentem,
Laeta fuit genitrix, sed tibi luctus erat.
Sic vivas, placidè ut morientis risus in ore
Ludet, dum meriti conscia turba fleat.

Μήτηρος ἀρτιτόκον βρέφος ἐν γονατέσσιν ἐκεῖσο,
Μειδῶντων ἄλλων, αὐτὸς ὀδυρόμενον.
Ὡς ζῆς εὐδοκίμως, ὅτ' ἂν ἦλθεν τέρμα βίοιο,
Εἴη μὲν γινῶστοις ἄλγεα, σοὶ δὲ γέλως.

Eton College, 1837.

TRANSLATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S

"HENRY VIII," ACT III, SCENE 2.

CARDINAL WOLSEY SPEAKS.

᾽Ω φίλτατ', οὐκ ἀπ' ὀμμάτων ἔφην κόραις
Δάκρυα βαλεῖν ἄν, οὐκ ἐν ἐσχάτοις κάκων·
Ἄλλ' ἐκράτει με νῦν σὰ ῥήματ' εὐγένει,
Τόσονδ' ἄληθες, ὥς γυναικίον τὶ δρᾶν·
Μεθεῖς το δάκρυον τόδ' εἰσάκουε μεῦ·
Ἄμνηστος εὔτε κείσομαι τύμβῳ πότε,
Λίθοις τε ψύχροις, οὐ το λοιπόν οὐκ ἐμοῦ,
Πύστις ποτ' ἐσταὶ ταῦτα τοῖς φίλοις λέγε
Τοίαντα. " δῆμοι παντ' ἐσήμηνεν ποτέ
" Βόλσειος αὐτὸς, ὅς ποτ' ἀθλίης τόχης
" Ὀδους πατήσας, καὶ κλέους ὀλεθρίου
" Κῦμ' ἐκπάρσας, ποντίους ἔγνω μύχους·
" Ὅς σοὶ, σφάλεις μὲν αὐτὸς, ἀσφάλῃ στίβον
" Ἐδώκ', ἔαισιν ἐκμαθὼν ναυαγίαις.
" ᾽Ω πρὸς θέων ἔκριπτε τήλοθεν ἐκ φρένος
" Φιλοτιμιάν σης, ἢ θρόνων τοῦς δαίμονας
" Τὸ πρόσθεν ἐξέστησεν οὐράνου γένος·
" Πῶς οὖν ποθ' ὠνήρ, καίπερ ὑψίστου θεοῦ
" Εἵκασμ' ὑπάρχων, κέρδος ἐκ ταύτης λάβη;
" Ἦκιστα σαῦτον ἐν λόγῳ δόξης ἐχῆς·

TRANSLATION OF "HENRY VIII."

“ Φίλῃς μὲν ἔχθρους. οὐ γὰρ ἄργυρος πότε
“ Κέρδηνε πίστους, οὐς ἀλήθεια, φίλους.
“ Τὰ παντὰ χρήστην χέρσιν εἰρήνην ἔχouis·
“ Ἴνα σὲ φθόνησις μὴ δάκη κακόστομος.

* * * *

“ Πάντ' ἔλλαβ' αὐτὴ μοὶ μόνον στόλη μένει,
“ Φρῆν τ' εὐσέβης· τὸ λοιπὸν οὐκετ' ἐστὶ μοι.
“ Ὡ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν, εἴ λατρείαν πιστίκην,
“ Ὅσῃν ἔδωκ' ἄνακτι, καὶ σμίκρῳ μέρει
“ Θέω διδοίην, οὐ μὲ νῦν γήρα λύγρῳ
“ Ἐρημον ἔξεβληκαν εἰς ἐναντίους.”

Eton College, 1838.



TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE IN
TALFOURD'S "ION."

"It is little, but in the sharp necessity of fortune."

Ναὶ· σμίκρον ἐστὶν, ἀλλ' ἐν ἀγρίᾳ τύχῃς
Κλύδωνι τῇδ', ὅς' ἀσθενὴς δοίῃ σμίκρα
Εὐεργετήματ' ἀξιάν χρόνῳ χάριν
Ἔχει τὰ παντὰ. Σμίκρον ἐστὶν ἐκ ῥόου
Ἵδωρ παρῃσχεῖν, ἀλλὰ πώματ' εὐγένῃ
Οὐκ ἡμέραις ἐν ὀλβιωτάταις βίου
Τόσῃν ἔχουσιν ἡδὸνῃν, ὅσῃν πότε
Χελεῖ πλανήτου σμίκρον ἐκ ῥόου δέπας
Ἔδωκεν ἄλκην, κἀνακουφισιν κάκων.
Σμίκρον μὲν ἐστὶ θελκτικούς ποίειν λόγους,
Ἦδυντε μύθον ἐκλέγειν· ἀλλ' ἀθλίου,
Ὅς τὺμβον εἰσεδέξατ', ἄλυτον θανῶν,
Ἦδιον οὖασ', ἣ λύρης ἤξει ψόφος,
Πλήσει τε δάκρυς' ὄμμα, καὶ θέλξει χερὰ,
Ὅς τῶν ἐς αὖθις ἐννόειν φίλων ἔθῃ,
Ψύχῃ διδοῦς θάνουντι τιμώτερα
Εὐεργετήματ', ἣ φίλων εὐχας περὶ
Εὖνῃν θάνουντος πλουσίου, μόνῳ μόνῃ
Ἄλκῃ γένοιτ' ἂν, καὶ κάκων θελκτήριον
Ἔχειν παρ' αὐτὸν, οἷς μέτεστιν ἀλγέων.

*Eton College : Examination for Scholarship, Christ
Church, Oxford, 1839, offered by Canon Jelf.
(No books allowed ; time limited.)*

*TRANSLATION OF A CHORUS IN
ARISTOPHANES' "BIRDS."*

Sleep! sleep no more!
O Thou, who shar'st my daily song,
Untwist the chains of hidden harmony,
And let thy wood-notes float along
In strains of dulcet melody, as before,
When through thy golden-spangled throat
For lost Itys thrilled thy note

So mournfully!

Clear through the leafy woodbine grove
The Echo floats to Heaven above:
Fired by the sound, with ivory lyre
Apollo leads th' immortal choir:
And hark at length the heavenly song
In tuneful cadence floats along.

Eton College, 1839.



*ON THE SECULARIZATION OF
MONASTIC LANDS.*

WHEN erst old England broke the galling chain
Of false Religion, and the Papal reign ;
When gracious Heaven first heard the suppliant cries,
And "Learning dawned from beauteous Boleyn's eyes" ;
When, freed from monkish tyranny once more,
An unpolluted worship graced this shore ;
When actions pure, and unpretending zeal,
Words scarce expressing what the suppliants feel,
And pure Religion, with unfeigned glow,
Supplied the place of false, unmeaning show ;
Then fell the Monasteries from their state,
The menial Levites, and the massive plate ;
The splendid feast no longer graced the board
Of the purse-proud Ecclesiastic Lord ;
The scarlet woman from the throne was hurled,
And Truth and Faith revisited this world.

But whither do these confiscations go ?
To swell whose coffers all this gorgeous show ?
Does true Religion with no sordid aim
Devote to God what God alone can claim ?
That purer worship, seeking God alone,
May dash down Priests and Idols from God's throne.
No ! upstart favourites, a menial train,
Bear off in triumph undeserved gain ;

SECULARIZATION OF MONASTIC LANDS.

With sordid motives low-born courtiers steal
What to the State belonged, or Public Weal :
And so, where incense once perfumed the air,
And choral anthems marked each hour of prayer,
And where the fretted cloisters' aisles among
The pealing organ loud Hosannas rung,
Now the rude wassail of the menial host,
And the new Royal Favourite's flattering toast,
Defile the ancient pile, and rouse in fear
Some mitred abbot from his holy bier :
The Echo trembles, as it wafts along
The impious jest, the sacrilegious song,
And lingers ere it reach the hallowed ground,
Fearing to break the calm which reigns around.

Wolsey, thy lot was hardest : on thy bier
Forgive one unbought, unaffected, tear.
'T was thine to mourn a tyrant's stern decree :
Envy's fierce talons fixed their grip on thee ;
Happy in this, that midst of all thy woes,
Though a sad victim to thy mortal foes,
Thou yet ne'er saw thy Faith's dishonoured state,
And didst not know thy Church's coming fate,
But sinking rather in an early grave
Didst not survive the cause thou couldst not save.

*Hall of Balliol College, Oxford, during the
examination for the Scholarship, 1839.
(Time limited.)*

ETON. (A FRAGMENT.)

HAIL, Father Thames! to thee of right belong
The first glad offerings of Etonian song;
To thee the Muse now consecrates the lay
Of earliest homage on thy festive day.
What though in thy loved stream, mid scenes like these,
One hapless victim cruel Fate decrees,
And, where so many sport in boyhood's hour,
One father's darling feels the tyrant's power:
Ye anxious Parents, who with pious zeal
Fear for your own, and thus for others feel,
Oh blame not Father Thames! beneath his wave
One youth, alas! has found an early grave:
How many safely woo the favouring gale,
Ply the thin oar, and spread the tiny sail,
Their fervent limbs in cooling waters lave,
Or, plunging headlong in the glassy wave,
Of fate unconscious, in the billows sport,
While Thames' waves their failing strength support.
Nay! rather thankful be, that one should fall
A victim, when Fate hovers round them all.

And ye, that would the sacred rites forego,
The festive pomp, and joyful annual show;
Ye, that with one fell swoop would fain erase
All precious monuments of former days;
For whose dull thoughts and mercenary views
In vain has Eton wooed the classic Muse

ETON.

(For centuries have passed, and on her head
Five hundred years a holy reverence shed) :
Stay, stay your ruthless hand, until you know,
How large the joys from such glad meetings flow :
'T is then Etona loves once more to greet
Her sons returning to her well-known seat ;
'T is then her sons their joyful bands display,
And at one altar their glad homage pay ;
Again in spite of envious years grow young,
And mix again their well-known mates among.
All own soft Nature's uncontrollèd power,
And feed on Memory's shorter, brighter hour.
The heart, exulting at the sight, rebounds ;
The ear recalls the well-remembered sounds ;
Eyes glance rejoicing o'er the well-known place ;
Hands join with hands in friendship's fond embrace.
Of Youth sweet recollections rise again,
Like misty phantoms floating on the brain,
The ill decaying, while the good remain.
Few are the times in Life's short fleeting day,
Where fast each joy, each pleasure, fade away ;
Few meetings such as these kind Heaven decrees,
Where all are cheerful, all prepared to please.

* * * * *

Eton College, June 4, 1839.

TRANSLATION OF "DAYS OF MY YOUTH."

HORA Juventutis celeri pede lapsa recessit :
Nigra Juventutis canuit, ecce ! coma :
Luce Juventutis veteri privatur ocellus :
Ora Juventutis ruga senilis habet :
Falsa Juventutis fugiérunt somnia ventis,
Atque Juventutis jam vigor omnis abest.

Hora Juventutis, celerem non ploro recessum :
Fronte Juventutis defluat alba coma :
Multa Juventutis mala quondam vidit ocellus :
Ore Juventutis plurima gutta fuit.
Meque Juventutis lusérunt somnia saepe :
Visque Juventutis quae mihi cura tui est ?

Nigra Senectutis non usque moraberis hora.
Triste Senectutis forte manebit onus :
Inque Senectutis niteat Lux integra ocellis,
Unde Senectutis gaudia vera petam :
Mensque Senectutis nigram ne palleat urnam :
Spesque Senectutis fixa sit una Deo.

Cockayne Halley, 1839.

TRANSLATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "ROMEO
AND JULIET," ACT III.

JULIET.

Οὐ δεῖ σ' ἀπέλθειν· οὐκ ἐτ' ἥλιος πάρα·
Οὐκ ἦν γὰρ ὤδη κόρυθος, ἀλλ' ἀήδονος,
ἥ τις δι' ὧτων τοῦτ' ἐθρήνησεν μέλος,
ἥ νυκτὸς ἐν κλάδοις ὑμνῶδει δάφνη·
Πίθου, μέλος δὴ, φίλτατ', ἦν ἀήδονος.

ROMEO.

Οὐκ ἄγγελος δε πρῶτος Ἡλίου κόρυς,
Οὐ δὴτ' ἀήδων· οὐκ ὁράς κατ' οὐρανόν
Νέφελαι ἀποσχίζουσιν Ἡλίου βολαί·
Πέφeyγεν ὥρα νυκτὸς ἐκβάλλων σκιάν·
Ὅρεσιν ἐπ' ἄκροις Φοῖβος ἵσταται νεός.
Φυγῶ βιώσω, ἢ μενῶ θανούμενος;

JULIET.

Οὐκ Ἡλίου τόδ' ἐστίν, οἶδ' ἔγω, φαός,
Σμίκρον δε Φοίβου φέγγος ἄκτινων ἀπο,
Σοὶ νῦκτι τῇδε λαμπαδήφορον πάρα,
Χεῖς Μαντυάν τάχιστα σημαινῶν ὁδόν·
Τοίγ' οἱ μένοις ἄν· οὐ σέ δει φυγεῖν ἔτι.

TRANSLATION OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."

ROMEO.

Ἄλλ' ὦδε ληφθεὶς αὐτὸς ἐντυχῶ μόρῳ·
Οὐμοὶ μέλει τοῦδ', εἰ σὺ γ' ὥς εἶναι θέλεις·
Οὐ ταῦτ' ἀν' ἀντέλλοντα σημαίνειν ἔρω
Φοῖβον, σέλας δὲ Κυνθιάς πέλειν ἄπο.
Οὐ γὰρ κόρυς ἐσθ' ἥ τις εὐφθόγῳ μέλει
Τὸ κοῖλον ὧδων οὐράνου πλήθει κύτος·
Μένειν γὰρ ὦδ' ἄρειον, ἢ φυγεῖν, ἐμοί,
Χαίροι δὲ θάνατος, ὡς Ἰουλιά θέλει·
Τί σοί, φίλῃ; λαλῶμεν· οὐ Φοῖβος πάρα.

Ω

JULIET.

Ἄλλ' ἐστίν, ἐστίν· Φροῦδος ὡς τάχος γένου·
Φθόνερον ἀήδων ἡμῖν ὑμνώδει μέλος,
Οὐ προσφιλεῖ φθέγγουσα, λυπήρῳσδ' ὅπα
Μέλος λέγουσιν ἡδὺν τῆς ἀήδονος,
Ἄλλ' οὐκ ἀληθῶς, νῶ δὲ διακρίνειν φιλεῖ·
Βατράχος ποθ' ἀντέδωκεν ὄμματ', ὡς λόγος,
Εἴθ' ὡς δυνάιτ' ἂν καὶ μεταλλάσσειν ὅπα,
Ἐπεὶ χέρας μοῦ σῆς χέρος διέσπασεν,
Σέτ' ἐξελαύνει λαμπρὸν εἰσάγουσα φῶς·
Ἄλλ' εἴ' ἀπέλθε· φῶς πάρεστιν Ἥλιου.

Eton College, 1839.



TRANSLATION OF BURGER'S SONG,

"DER WINTER HAT MIT KALTEN HAND."

THE Winter has with chilly hand
Unleafed the poplar-trees,
And of their May-day vestments green
Robbed the poor naked leas.
The flowers, with various hues that bloomed,
In snow and ice it has entombed.

But, lovely flower, do not expect
A funeral-dirge from me ;
I know a lovely countenance,
Whose beauty rivals thee :
Her orbits round with blue are shed ;
Her forehead 's white ; her lips are red.

What boots the blackbird in the dale,
The bulbul in the plain ?
For Mary sings a hundred times
A clearer, sweeter strain :
Her breath is like the gale of Spring,
Which hyacinthine kisses bring.

When she gives me her loving lips
(What other joys like this !),
The cherry and the strawberry
Yield to the honied kiss.
O May ! why should I you prefer ?
The Springtide lives and moves in her.

Cockayne Hatley, August, 1839.

*TRANSLATION OF AN EPITAPH IN ALL
SAINTS' CHURCH, HERTFORD, ON THE
DAUGHTER OF LORD JOHN TOWNSHEND.*



! DILECTA nimis, crudeli rapta sepulcro,
Quam tenera atque decens, tam bona, Nata,
vare !

Cui fuit ingenium, cui dulcis gratia morum,
Cum sale cui pietas integra, larga manus :
Mens docilis, quoscunque Deo mandante dolores
Fixa pati : praesens, si velit Ille, mori.
O ! nunquam, nunquam, virtutum clarior ortus
Decidit in maestum, flos uti carptus, humum
Quale tamen natae torquebat corda doloris
Scit, lecti custos sedula, mater onus :
Scit bene praesagâ ternos quae mente perannos
(Nam medici solitam cura negavit opem)
Edoluit misera, et materno laesa dolore
Voce piâ coelo reddidit usque preces.
At tu, sancta Anima, aeternâ nunc fructa quiete,
Tu mea, tu felix filia semper eris.
Atque O ! si forsán liceat te visere coelo,
O ! si—quâ genitor spe meliore fruar ?
Haec spes una meum perlustrat lumine pectus,
Et paulum luctûs triste levabit onus.

Balls Park, Hertford, 1839.

TRANSLATION OF COWPER'S "THE ROSE
THAT WAS WASHED."

PULCHRA superfuso rosa nuper rore madebat,
In socias Clarae quam dedit Anna manus,
Flos languescebat pleno nimis imbre gravatus,
Et gracile oppressit lucida gutta caput.

Plena liquoris erat : micuit quoque frondibus unda ;
Et mihi, quem mentis gaudia falsa juvant,
Tum visa est lugere, manu quas rapta tenellâ
Florenti gemmas liquerat illa loco.

Nescius arripui, quamvis minus apta coronae
Virgineum plenis os violasset aquis,
Et nimiâ, ah ! nimiâ vi quassans, debile collum
Perrupi : in madidum concidit icta solum.

"Taliter et," dixi, "non raro infidus amator
"Crudeli tenerum vulnerat arte sinum :
"Nec scit, nec curat, quô luctu torqueat amens
"Jampridem tristi dedita corda jugo.

"Haec rosa, ni nimiis usus sim viribus, Annae
"In tenero possit jam nituisse sinu :
"Sic etiam lacrymas, gratâ mercede remotas,
"Major post rixam forte sequatur amor."

Cockayne Hatley, 1839.

BABYLONIA.

LUNA per Assyrios surgebat noctua montes,
Flavique Euphratis vada glauco horrentia junco,
Lampade pallidulâ tinxit, tacitasque micare
Fecit aquas, quum forte illâ regione morarer,
Perque solum variis eductum molibus errans,
Et superinjectos tumulos, et caeca viarum,
Despicerem deserta procul, qua nuda colendi
Nuda hominum tristi gravis informisque jacebat
Illuvie Natura procul, camposque viderem
Porrectos longè, quos praeterlabitur unda
Tigridis unda silens, vacuasque humectat arenas :
Fallor ?—an hôc campo quo nunc infertile regnum
Porrigit ingratos sterilis Natura per agros,
Qua deserta jacet tellus, horrendaque bubo
Nocturnum tenet imperium, rapidique leones
Exercent tristes, tigris que ferocior, iras :
Qua populi errantes plaustris, Arabumque catervae
Ponere non audent sedes, sed littora vitant
Horrida, seu pestis, seu quis furor incubet agris :
Verumne ? An fallant, qui prisco tempore dicunt
Hôc urbem in campo, magnosque palatia reges
Constituisse olim, qualem nec postera vidit

BABYLONIA.

Aetas, majoremve unquam nova saecula cernent,
Immo ! etenim his campis, has ipsas sedit ad undas
Eoi Regina soli, celeberrima mundi
Gloria, Chaldaeumque decus, quae tam super urbes
Eminuit gazis alias et nomine, saltus
Quam super Assyrios praecelsâ vertice pinus :
O Babylon, Babylon ! quò quò tua prisca recessit
Gloria ? quo gazae ? quo celsa palatia ? turres
Arte laboratae variâ, et temnentia vires
Moenia mortales ? quò quò decus omne refugit ?
Tene, soli dominam, tam fausto Numine natam,
Tam pronam jacuisse solo ? te tanta minatam
Laudibus e tantis tale invenisse sepulcrum ?
Ter licèt invictae casu nova moenia terrâ
Surrexêre urbis : major majorque ruinâ
Praeteritâ licèt exhaustum affectavit honorem,
Ter dextrâ cecidit sub vindice, terque per urbem
Imperio exultans parto processerat hostis :
Victa licet, victrix, et casu clarior ipso,
Viribus Hydra velut geminat post fata renascens
Non uno aggressu, non uno procidit ictu.
Laudes majores ipsâ de morte tulisti.
Hic mundi victor famosa palatia Cyrus
Constitit : atque hâc Persarum cumulavit in aulâ
Ingentes Darius opes, solioque sedebat
Purpureo exultans. Hic etiam, labentibus annis
Imperio sedem posuit, voluitque superbè
Terrarum decus et dominam Babylona vocari
Magnus Alexander : quali sub rege vetustae
Surrexêre iterum laudes, visaeque priori
Spes non omnino gentis cecidisse ruinâ :

BABYLONIA.

Demens ! qui voluit, devictâ gente triumphans,
Arbitria, ignarus fati, coelestia contra
Tendere mortales vires, urbisque, supremo
Numine damnatae, meritam propellere sortem :
Evenêre vices aliter : quam mente superbus
Optavit sedem regnorum, urbs ossa tyranni
Sola tenet, vanosque hominum testatur honores :

Vos tamen, indigno passae mala verbera collo,
Tollite Judaeae laetum poeana choreae
Gens dilecta Deo, quam pergravis ira Jehovah
Barbariaeque manus patriâ de sede, suique
Delubro rapuêre Dei, longeque paternis
Littoribus, fecêre graves deducere telas
Ad libitum Dominae, aut cantus jussere sacratos
Judaeumque melos peregrinâ fundere terrâ :
Qui vobis, Miserae, cantus ? et lingua recusat
Vim solitam, citharaeque silent, ni qua levis aura
Per salices tenui chordas cum murmure vibrat :
Cum tenebris luctus redit : indulgere dolori
Tunc juvat, et caecas late resonare cavernas
Planctubus ! O ! quoties terris ubi Luna quietem
Indueret, stellaeque levem suasere soporem,
Et nemora, et saltus Solymaeo pereita cantu
Obstupeêre : soli placuit meminisse relictî
Et patriae : in mentem redeunt jucunda vireta,
Lacte fluens terra et vino, stipataque messe
Horrea, laetitiae domus, incunabula gentis.
O ! valles collesque leves, ubi Jordanus undas
Mittit in internum praeceps mare, Numinis olim
Sparsit oliviferam divina ubi gratia pacem.
Eia agite, abjectis collo procedite vinclis,

BABYLONIA.

Corde exultantes, et libertate superbi
Indigenâ, spoliis regni insultate perempti.
Sed vos si pietas, vos si prudentia mentem
Occupet, aut recto subeat si cura bonique,
Parcite sacrilegis manibus : ne credite vires
Humanas unquam tantam peperisse ruinam,
Ingeniumve hominum : Divi inclementia Divi
Has evertit opes, stravitque a culmine turres :
Dico tibi verum : Cyri non impetus acer,
Persarumque minae ; strictâ non ense superbus,
Atque duce invicto Macedon : non sanguine laeti,
Direptisque Scythae spoliis, Arabesque vagantes,
Aut Aegyptiaci famosa potentia Nili.

Humanae vires sunt instrumenta Jehovahae.
Aut celerè aut tardè, complebitur alta voluntas,
Inspirata velut praedicunt ora Prophetæ.

Sed licèt aetatis lapsus, licèt invida saecula
Haerentes laurus et rapta ex hoste tropaea
Fronte avellêrunt sacrâ : licèt incola terrae
Barbarus insultet muris fuisque ruinâ
Aggeribus, qui, dum licuit, dum mole superba
Arx Babylo niacae steterat cum Numine gentis,
Illaesum tenuêre diu Babylona coronâ.
Hoc saltem—tibi vivit honos : tibi Gloria saeclo
Intemerata viget : tibi quod non mobile tempus
Annorum lapsus, soliumque hostile movebunt,
Fama, memor laudum, meritos cumulabit honores :
In freta dum currat, cursu minor, Indica Tigris,
Dum vagus Euphrates distorto flumine parvas
Volvat aquas, dum stet mundus, dum lubricus orbis
Non cuncta ingenti donâsset regna ruinâ,

BABYLONIA.

Vivet honos, nomenque tuum, mundique futuri,
Et gentes nondum genitae, bona verba, et honores
Cum Babyloniaco contexere nomine discent.
Spiritus, ecce ! Dei mihi facta futura revelat :
Et venient, venient, annis nova tempora seris :
Ecce ruinarum coelo mysteria aperto
Panduntur : stelae, libri de pumice facti,
Atque oblitorum secreta palatia Regum.
Gazam, quae latuit Graecos, latuitque Latinos,
En mea victrici pennâ dominabitur aetas,
Linguasque, et voces, veteris scriptoria gentis
Vividus Interpres tumulo revocabit ab imo.

Eton College : Holiday Task, Christmas, 1839.



THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

" Non ut sollenni more sacrorum,
Perfecto, possit claro comitari Hymenaeo."
LUCRETIVS.

IPHIGENIA LOQUITUR.

IBITIS Aegaeas sine me, Menelae, per undas,
Ulturi Paridis, tuque, Cohorsque, dolos,
Ibitis, ah ! nostri immemores, quae fata subimus,
Ut ratibus faveant carbasa plena tuis.
Sed tibi (si quando, Graiis devicta catervis,
Cederit ultrici diruta Troja faci,
Si tibi victori in patriam, sedesque relictos,
Annuerint reduces prospera fata pedes),
Succurrat tibi cara mei morientis imago,
Proditaque ob thalamos Iphigenia tuos.
Me fera fata vocant : et posthâc forte juvabit
Servatam ob patriam sic potuisse mori.
Sic voluit, cuius mandata Ego filia semper
Non aliter, quàm si nubere jussa, sequar.
Care vale Genitor ! te Dii tutentur amici,
Nec tibi sit mortis poenituisse meae ;
Tuque vale, optatae quondam mihi debite conjux,
Pelide, heu ! nostri nescia causa mali !
Speravi certè (nec spes me prodidit olim)
Me fore, laudaret quam Thetis ipsa, nurum,

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

Demens ! quae potui, casûs ignara futuri,
Irrita ad accensos mittere vota focos,
Ut mihi productos Numen concederet annos,
Castamque ornaret vir, sobolesque, domum :
Ah ! qualis mentem cepit fallacia ! quali
Audiit oblatas Jupiter aure preces !
Nupta Ego qualis ero ? et quali me voce beabunt
Ludentes pueri, pignora cara, sinu ?
Dedita at in tristes innoxia victima poenas
Errabo ad Stygias lugubris umbra domos :
Ast illo saltem, si vera est fama, recessu
E tantis dabitur pax, requiesque, malis.
Nunc fato est tradenda gravi, nova victima ferro
Caesa cadet : sacrum quid remoremur opus,
Nectemusque moras ? faveant ut Numina coeptis
Caedite virgineum, Graia caterva, caput :
Caedite : nîl remuit mortem, sibi flagitat ensem,
Pro patriâ praesens Iphigenia mori.

Eton College, 1840.



OTHRYADES.

Lacedaemoniorum superstes, victis Argivis, loquitur.

Οἷμοι· τί ἐράσω ; τίς κακῶν λήξις πάρα ;
Τίς ἔστ' ὀνειῖδους τοῦ παρεστῶτος φυγή ;
Ζῆν οὐκέτ' ἔστι κέρδος. Ἄρ' ἔγω μόνος
Εἰς πάτριδ' ἤξω, κἄπι πατρῴους δόμους,
Ἄνδρων στερήθεις τῶν ξυνασπιστῶν ἔμοι ;
Οὐ μὴ γένοιτ' αν' ἀλλὰ πρόσθεν εἰς μέσον
Ἐχθρων ἀγείρας καὶ φίλων σκυλεύματα,
Αὐτὸς πέσοιμ' αν' αὐτοχείρ νεώτατος,
Θανεῖν προτιμῶν μᾶλλον ἢ κακῶς βλέπειν.

Ὑμεῖς δ', ἑταῖροι, χαίρεθ', οἳ νίκην ἔμοι
Ἐκτήσατ', οἳ θανοῦντες οὐ ψύχης περὶ
Ἡρίζετ' ἰδιάς, ἀλλὰ πατρίου κλέους,
ὦ χαίρετ', οὐκ εἰς μάκρον, ὦ φίλοι, χρόνον,
Ἄλλ' εἰς ὅσον δὴ τῶνδε τῶν τεθνηκότων
Νέκρους ἀθροίσας τῇδε πυργώσω χερὶ
Ἀνάξιον τι μνήμα τοιούτου κλέους·
Ἥλιε, σὶδ' αὖθις χαῖρε, τῶν πεπραγμένων
Πάντων ἑπόπτας, τήνδ' ἔμην ὅταν χθόνα

OTHRYADES.

Κλείνων Λακαίωνων εἰσίδης, πάση πόλει
 Ἀγγέλλε τήνδε τῶν τεθνηκότων τύχην,
 Ἔμον τοῦ νικῶντος, ὡς ὅπλων μέγα
 Στήσας τρόπαιον, ἄγλαον νίκης τέκμαρ,
 Ἐφύλασσον αὐτὸς νύκθ' ὅλην ἔχθρων ἄτερ·
 Ἀγγέλλε ταῦτα, κεῖ τις ἂν μάθειν θέλοι
 Τί μοί γένοιτο τέρμα, πρὸς τούτοις λέγε
 Ὡς αὐτοφόντης ἔπεσον, οὐ βιώσιμον
 Βίον νομίζων τοῖσδ' ἐπ' ἐξεργασμένοις.

Χθῶν, κάμε συνθρέψασα, καὶ τὸ πᾶν γένος,
 Σοὶ τὴν τεκούσαν, πάτερατ' ἀντ' ἐμοῦ βάρυν
 Γήρᾳ φυλάσσειν, ὄρφανοντ' ἐπιτρέπω·
 Νίκηντε γὰρ σοὶ, κάρετην θανούμενος
 Ἐκτησάμην, σοίτ' ὄλβον εἰς πρόσω χρόνον·
 Σὺ δῆτ' ἴουσιν εἰς μάχην τέκνοις ἔμην
 Ἀγγέλλε μοίρην, καὶ φίλων· οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅτι
 Τοῦτωγε τύμβῳ νωνύμῳς κρυφθήσεται
 Ξῶν τοῖς ἀριστεύεσσι Δωριεὺς Ἄρης.

*Eton College. Captain of the Oppidans, 1840.
 (Sent up for Play.)*

TRANSLATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S

"HENRY V," ACT IV, SCENE 3.

KING HENRY SPEAKS.

Τίς ἐστίν, ὅς τοιούτ' αν θέλοι ;
'Αρ' οὔμος ἐστ' ἄδελφος ; οὐκ οὕτως, φίλε.
Εἰ γὰρ θανεῖν πάρεστιν, οὐκ ἡμῶν ἄλις,
'Ὀν δεῖ στερεῖσθαι πάτριδ' ; εἰ δὲ ζῆν παλὶν,
Παύρων μετ' ἄνδρων μεῖζον εὐρωμεν κλεός.
Μὴ πλείον' ἀνδρά, πρὸς θεῶν, θέλῃς ἔνα.
Οὐ δῆτα μοι γαρ οὗτος ἄργυρος μέλει,
'Αλλ' εἰ τὸ ζητᾶν αἰσχροῦ ἢ κλεός τίνι,
Κάκιστος εἰμὶ τῶν βρόττων ζώντων ἔγω.
Μὴ δῆτα πλείον' ἀνδρα, πρὸς θεῶν, θέλῃς ;
Οὐκ ἂν τόσουτον ἀποβάλῃ κλέους το νῦν,
Οὐπερ μέτειχ' ἂν εἰς ἀνῆρ, πλείων μόνος,
Οὐκ ἂνθ' ἀρίστης ἔλπιδος· μὴ δῆτα σὺν
Μᾶλλον δὲ διὰ τὸν πάντα κηρύσσης στράτον,
'Ὅς θυμὸν οὐκ' αν τήνδε πρὸς μάχην ἔχοι,
Εὐθεὺς ἄπελθοι· δώσομεν γὰρ ἔξοδον
'Ελευθέρην οἷ, καὶ πρὸς ἄργυρον πόλυν·
Οὐ γὰρ ξὺν ἀνδρὸς αν θάνοιμεν ἡδέως,
'Ὅστις φοβηται ξυνθανεῖν ἡμῶν μέτα.

Eton College. Captain of the Offidians, 1840.

TRANSLATION OF BYRON'S "DYING
GLADIATOR."

“Οἶκουδε τὸν νοῦν ἔχομεν, ἔνθαδ’ οὔσαι περ.”

Ὅρῳ πρὸς αὐτας τὸν ξιφηφόρον πόδας
Κεῖσθαι, μέτωπον ὡς ἐτ’ ἀνδρειον χεροῖν
Ἀμφοῖν ἐρείδει, καιπὲρ ἐχθίστῳ μύρῳ
Τὸ σῶμ’ ὑπείκων, ἀλλὰ νικήσας πόνους.
Κλίνει κάρηνον ; καὶ μόναι πλεῦρων ἀπὸ
Τέγγουσι ράνιδες ὕσταται, πλήγῃς λαθρὰ
Ἐξ αἱματήρας, ὀμβριάς πρώτων δικῇν
Σταγόνων θυέλλας· νῦνδὲ δίνευνται κύκλος·
Νῦνδ’ ὥχετ’ αὐτος, πρὶν κρῶτος θεωμένων
Ἐλήγῃ, ἄλλου τοῦ κρατήσαντος χαρὶν.
Ἦκουσε, κοῦκ ἤκουσε, κοῦκ ἐπήσθετο·
Ξὺν καρδιάς γὰρ ὄμματ’ οὐκ ἐνὶν τόπῳ,
Τήλουδ’ ἀπώχετ’ οὐ γὰρ οἱ μέλει βίου
Φεύγοντος ἤδη, κοῦ γερῶς ὀλουμένου,
Ὅπουδ’ ἐπ’ Ἰστρου κεῖτο τηλούρη ρόα
Στέγος πάτρων, εὐτεκνον χλιδὴν ἔκει
Παῖζειν νεόσσους βαρβάρους· φίλῃν ἔκει
Δακίκην ἐβλεψ’ ἄκοιτιν· ὀφθαλμούς ἔκει
Ἐστρεψε, καλόγιζε· τίς τεθνήκοτος
Χήρην δόμοισι, τίς τε παῖδας ὀρφάνους,
Ἐχων φύλασσοι ; τίς σμίκρον σῶζοι στέγος,

TRANSLATION OF BYRON'S "DYING GLADIATOR."

Σμίκροντε θησαύρισμα ; τίς παῖδας λέγοι
Ἕθνη πάτρῳα, κάρετ'ης στέργειν ὄδον,
Στύγειντ' ἐς αἶψήνδε Ρωμαίων πόλιν.
Ἄπαντα ταῦτα ξυρρέοντὸς αἵματος
θύμον ταραττει· δεῖνα πείσεται κάκα
Γύνη, νεοίτε παῖδες, ἀλλ' αὐτῶν πατήρ,
Αὐτῆς δ' ἄκοιτης, ὡδ' ἐν αἱματορρύτοις
Κεῖται σταλάγμοις, αἰσχρο λωβήθεις, ἵνα
Γέλῳσιν ἔχθροι, καὶ θεῶν ἴραν τινὶ
Τὴνδ' ἡμέραν πυῖνσι· οὐκ ἀνάσχετον,
Οὐκ ἔστιν· Ὑμεῖς δ' ἀξιάν τίσιν Δάκαι,
Τίσασθε, καὶ συμφθεῖρετ' ἐχθιστον γένος.

Eton College. Captain of the Oppidans, 1840.



TRANSLATION OF ISAIAH, CAP. XLIV.

Ἄλλ' ἔμοις νῦν ὦ τέκνον εἰσάκουσον
Ἰσράηλ μαντεύμασιν, ὃν ποτ' αὐτός
Ἐξελεξάμην. Θεός ὢς γὰρ εἶπεν,
Ὅς σ' ἀπο κόλπων

Μάτερος πλάσας ἀπέδεξατ', ὦ μοι
Δοῦλ' Ἰάκωβ, ὦ θέραπον Γεσύρον,
Μῇ φοβῆθι· καὶ γὰρ Ἐγὼν ἀνύδροις
Ῥεύματα κάλα

Ἐγχεώ, καὶ σοῖσιν ἔμον γόνοισιν
Πνεῦμ' ἐπιπνεύσω, μακάρωντε δῶρα
Οἱ δὲ βλαστήσουσι δίκην χλοάς παρ'
Ἱερὸν ὑδῶρ,

Ἰτεώνθ' ὕγρων· ὁ μὲν Εἰμι φήσει
Τοῦ Θεοῦ παῖς, χῆτερος αὐθ' Ἰάκωβ
Ἐξερεῖ, τρίτος δ' ἐπὶ χεῖρι θεῖον
Τὸννομα γράψει·

Ὡς Σαβαώθ εἶπεν ἄναξ, ἄρωγος
Ἰσραήλ, Πρώτιστος Ἐγώ, τέλοςτε
Εἰμι· πλὴν ἐμοῦ θεὸς ἐστὶ τις γὰρ
Ἄλλος ἀμείνων ;

Τίς δίκην ἐμοῦ καλέσας ἀνώξη ;
Τίς τ' ἐτοιμάσῃ τό πᾶν οἶος, ἐξ οὗ
Ἐπλᾶσ' ἀνθρώπους, τὰτ' ἔοντα πλὴν μου
Τίς σάφες οἶδεν ;

Μὴ φοβήθης· οὐ γὰρ Ἐγὼν ἀπ' ἄρχης
Σοίγ' ἐσάμανον τοδ', ἀπήγγελοντε·
Καὶ σὺ μάρτυρεῖς θεόν οὐδεν' εἶναι
Μείζον' ἐμεῖο·

Οἱ βρέτας γλύφοντες ἄναιδες ἄλλως
Χῆρσι τεκταίνουσι· τὸ γὰρ μάταιον
Ἐργον ἐρρήσει· φρέσιν οὐ νόουσιν,
Οὐδὲ βλέπουσιν,

Ἄλλ' ἀναισχύντων ξύνοδος φοβεῖται
Τεκτόνων πᾶς, οὐδε θεόν τις ἀντὰ
Προσβλέπειν τόλμησε· τοῖον γὰρ ὄμματ'
Ἐσχεν ὄνειδος·

Εὐλαβῶς σπεύδει πυρὶ καὶ σιδήρῳ
Ἐργον ἐργάστης, πυκίνῃ σκέπαρνον
Χεῖρ' ἀναστήσας· καμάτῳ πονεῖται
Γυῖα, πότοντε

TRANSLATION OF "ISAIAH."

Οὐκ ἔχει διψῶν· ξυλὸν αὐτὸ ξύλουργος
Εἴλε, καὶ ξὺν κάνονος εκμετρήσας
Ἦσι τέκταιναι πραπίδαισιν ἀνθρώ-
-που κατα μόρφην,

Κὰκ δρύμων ἔκοψε κέδρους, δρυάστε
Καὶ κυπρέσσους, αἷς ἐφύτευσεν αὐτός,
Καὶ πítυν, τὴν οὐράνοθεν βεβákω·
Ἐτρεφεν ὄμβρος,

Καὶ λαβῶν ἔκαυσε μέρος, δόμοντε
Πάντα θερμαίνων κατέπεψεν ἄρτους,
Κὰκ μεροῦς ποίησε θεόν, μεγίστου
Δαίμονος εἶδος.

Ὁ ξύλον καύσας, κρεάς εἶτ' ἐπ' αὐτῶν
Ἀνθρώκων ὥπτησεν, ὅθεν μάταιον
Γάστερ' ἐμπλήσας κατὰ θυμόν ἦσθη
Ἐν πύρος αὐγαίς,

Χ' εἶτ' ἔαις χέρσιν θεὸν ὃν ποίησεν,
Προσκυνήσει, καὶ χθονὶ προσπέτησται,
“Ἐκ κάκων σώσον μέ,” λέγων, “ἔμος γὰρ
Εἷς θεός ἐσσί.”

Οὐ βλέπουσιν, οὐδὲ φρόνουσιν· αὐτῶν
Ὅμματ' ἡμαύρωσε θεός, σκοτώσας
Καρδιάς, ὥς μητὲ βλέπειν δυνάσθαι,
Μήτε νοήσαι,

TRANSLATION OF "ISAIAH."

Ὡς ξύλον καύσαντες, ἐφ' ᾧ φάγωσιν
Ἄρτον ὀπτοῦντες, κρεάτ', εἶτα ταύτω
Νηπίοι δένδρω βδελύρας ἐτολμῶν
Χεῖρας ἀνασχεῖν,

Ὡς θεῷ δὴ γὰρ σπόδος ἔστιν αὐτῶν
Καρδιά, κοῦδεῖς δύνата Γεέννας
Ἐξελεῖν ψύχην, ὅτι χεῖρσι πάντες
Ψεῦδος ἔχουσιν·

Ἰσράηλ, μνήσθητι, σὺ δ' αὖθ' Ἰάκωβ,
Ταῦτα· παῖς ἄμος σὺ γὰρ ἐσσί· νῦν, ὦ
Παῖς, ἐπιστράφηθι, σὲ νῦν λυτρώσω
Ὡ γένος· Ὑμεῖς δ'

Οὐρανοὶ, φώνετε, δρύμωντε βούνοι,
Γῆθ' ὅλη σαλπίσσατε· Κύριος γὰρ
Ἰσράηλ ἔον γένος ἠλέησεν,
Καὶ μέγ' Ἰάκωβ

Ἐλλαβεν κύδος· Θεός ὡς γὰρ εἶπεν,
Ὅς σ' ἔσωσεν, ὅς σάπο μήτερος ποί'
Εἶλε κόλπων. Αὐτὸς ἔγω ποιήσα
Οὐρανὸν εὐρυν,

Αὐτὸς ἐξέτειν' ὑπὸ πόσσι γαίαν·
Πλὴν ἔμου τίς ἄλλος ἀποστρέφει αὖ
Μαντεῶν κάκων ἀπάτας, σόφοντε
Νοῦν καταβάλλη;

TRANSLATION OF "ISAIAH."

Ρῆμα πληρώσω θεράποντος, ἀγγέ-
-λωντ' ἔμων βούλην, ιέρηντ' ἀνώξω
Ἐξανίστασθαί πολιν· ἐκ κονίων
 Αὐθι λάβοιμ ἄν

Ἰσράηλ ἔρημον· Ἐγὼν μεγίστων
Ναμάτων ρέεθρον, ἔγω θαλάσσαν
Εἰς ἔμους λόγους ἀβρόχην ποιήσα·
 Κῦρον ἔγω νῦν,

Ποίμεν, ὅς, τοῦμόν τελέση θέλημα,
Ἐξελεξάμην, κλεός ὅς πάλαιον
Τῆς ἔμης πολεῶς, ιερόντ' ἀπ' οὐδοῦς
 Οἶκον ἐγείρη.

*Cockayne Hatley. Holiday Task (the last),
Easter, 1840.*



*TRANSLATION OF A POEM IN LATIN
ELEGIAC METRE.*

WRITTEN BY MY BROTHER HENRY FRANCIS CUST.

READ this, my Brother, nor my lyre disdain ;
A brother's love inspires this feeble strain.
Your wish imparted how can I refuse ?
So once again I woo the Latin Muse.
But ah ! how changed, since in those halcyon days
In those glad scenes we poured our youthful lays ;
Since on old Thames' bank we used to dwell,
And those blest shades the Muses love so well.
Swift shifts the scene ; year quickly glides on year :
A soldier now I warlike weapons bear ;
Hopes I no longer feed of learned ease,
Nor do the sports, which pleased me much, now please.
No more I deftly strike the vocal lyre,
Slave to the Muses and Apollo's choir :
For how can they exert their peaceful charms,
When trumpets sound and war excites alarms ?
The Fates now call me o'er the distant wave,
And I my parents, and my home, must leave.
The ship is ready ; zephyrs fan the sail,
To bear my fortunes with the favouring gale,
To Afric's shores across the swelling main,
Where once the Dutch, and now the English reign.

TRANSLATION OF A LATIN POEM.

And where our Fathers won a glorious name
May I sustain, if not increase, their fame.
And chance to India I my steps may bend,
Whither the Fates thee too perhaps may send.


But still the years will fly: the time may come,
When I in happiness shall seek my home.
In fond imagination there at last
I seem reposing, all my labours past.
May you with me recall the bygone years,
And shed at Memory's shrine some bitter tears.

But now, where'er you go, whate'er your lot,
May I, your Brother, never be forgot.
On those bright prospects may our visions dwell,
To soothe our partings, and our sad "Farewell."

Eton College, 1840.



TRANSLATION OF AN OLD MONASTIC HYMN.

N God's right hand, enthroned in light,
Encircled by the Angels bright,
Four animals of various dight
No human eye dare scan :
See foremost stands th' Imperial Bird,
A Lion's roaring next is heard,
A snow-white Bullock is the third,
The fourth the form of Man.

By types, such as these represent,
The four Evangelists are meant,
Whom once the blessed Saviour sent
The rising Church to guide :
See Mark, and Matthew, foremost stand,
And Luke, and He, whom God's right hand,
While fishing on the Jordan's strand,
Called from his father's side.

In human form they Matthew show,
Because he writes of Christ, as though
He really sprang from men below,
Was man, save only sin.
Hark like a Lion from his lair,
Mark with loud voice bids men prepare
For Christ's forthcoming, and take care
To cleanse their hearts within.


TRANSLATION OF A MONASTIC HYMN.

Under a Bullock's figure we
The loved physician aptly see,
Because he treats of God's decree,
 And Christ's great sacrifice.
But Eagle's wings are placed upon
The best beloved Apostle John,
Because his Gospel power shone,
 And spurned all earthly ties.

These four by various symbols may
The attributes of Christ display,
And show there is the separate way
 Which God to each has given.
A Man—his earthly parents tell :
A Bull—he at the Altar fell :
A Lion—triumphed over Hell :
 An Eagle—springs to Heaven.

Eton College, 1840.

TRANSLATION OF DODDRIDGE'S EPIGRAM,
"LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE."

"IVITO dum vivas," Epicurus clamat, "et acri
"Carpe voluptates, quas sinit hora, manu."
"Vivito dum vivas," sacro canit Angelus ore,
"Et momenta memor singula redde Deo."
O Deus! in nostrâ vitâ jungatur utrumque :
Vivo voluptati, dummodo vivo Tibi.

Eton College, 1840.

CONGRATULATORY ODE TO DR. GOODALL,

Provost of Eton, on his 80th Birthday.

QUALI te citharâ, quali te voce salutans,
Ut reddat meritis carmina digna tuis,
Haec domus, O venerande Senex, puerumque chorea,
Natales memoret rite, pièque, tuos ?
Fila lyrae desunt : animo deest lingua, volenti
Quanta subit vitae, dicere, cura tuae,
Dicere quantus amor : quali puerilis honore
Respicit hunc coetus, laetitiâque, diem.
Saltem haec suppetit, nequeat quae lingua, silenti
Ponderæ verborum fretus in ore favor.
Quae tibi poscemus Numen det plura benignè
Munera ? laude tuus quâ cumuletur honos ?
Est aliquid curarum expers, viridisque, senectus,
Corporeque ingenii deficiente vigor,
Est aliquid jucunda exactae gratia vitae,
Dilectâque diu consenuisse domû :
Est aliquid conjux longos dilecta per annos,
Lux vitae, tumulto forsan itura comes.
Nomen Etonenses dicent per secula fastus
Non desiderio, non sine honore, tuum ;
Te puerum (nam prima tui repetatur origo)
Accepisse suo gaudet Etona sinu.
Te studiis coluit : tibi non ignobile fatum,
Nec dedit in juvenes munera parva choros.

CONGRATULATORY ODE TO DR. GOODALL.

Musa procax citharae, te discedente, Latinae
Delicias fertur condoluisse suas.
Sed quando ingenium major firmaverat aetas,
Noverat et laudes Grantica Musa tuas,
In sua te rursus revocavit sacra Camoena,
Fautorem, sanctae praepositumque domûs.
Te patres natique colunt, quotiesque revisunt
Dilectam pueri, quam coluère, domum,
In mentem jucunda tui succurrit imago,
Connectitque tuo nomen Etona suum.
O! si quae tristes olim nevêre sorores
Stamina sincerus flectere possit amor:
Si superest leto virtus: si triste sepulcrum
Ingenuae claudent, et sine fraude, preces,
Ut nati, veniensque aetas, exempla prioris
Virtutis videant, quam coluère patres.
Cumque extrema aderit (nam nullo parcitur) hora,
Sero claudatur funere plenus honos:
Ceui subit Oceanum brumali tempore Phoebus,
Clarior occiduâ splendidiorque, face.

Eton College, 1840.

(The good old Provost died two days later.)



VOCAT LABOR ULTIMUS.

QUALIS ubi externas mox erraturus in oras,
Respicit a summâ navita puppe solum,
Et juga non siccis oculis, turresque paternas,
Extremum in salsas spectat iturus aquas.
Sic Ego per vitae curas, vitaeque tumultus
Carpere sollicitos triste paratus iter,
Tecta recedenti tua dilectissima gressu
Respicio, et sedes, mater Etona, tuas.
Triste ciemus opus : respondent tristia dextrae
Barbiton : ipsa nequit dicere lingua, Vale.
Amplius in gratâ mallemus sede morari,
Amplius assuetum nos coleremus opus :
Fas obstat : sic et tristes voluêre sorores :
Nos magis has sedes Fata tenere vetant.
Ibimus, at qualis suadetur pectore nullo
Tempore, nec spatio, diripiatur Amor.
Alme vale Thamesine, memor quâ rite Camoenae
Murmurat Aonias lympa canora modos !
Dilectaeque valet domus, ubi parvus honorum
Decerpsi tenui munera prima manu,
Et primum audaci percurrens pectine fila
Aptavi Latiae verba modosque lyrae !
Vosque valet modi, quod si conatibus unquam
Insonuit nostris, nec sine laude, chelys,

VOCAT LABOR ULTIMUS.

Nunc gratam dextrae det opem, nunc flumine levi
Suadeat inceptum Musa benigna melos.
O ! mihi si liceat, si concedatur aventi
Linquere cum plausû cara theatra tuo,
Fas sit et ingenuâ rursus vernare juventâ,
Rursus Etonenses visere, ut ante, Lares.
Fas sit et antiquâ rursus versarier arte,
Pieriisque, diu qui siluêre, jocos :
Sic Ego : sic voluit post acta negotia vitae
Mulcere extremos inclytus Ille ¹ dies,
Qui nuper Solymam cecinit, salicesque tacentes,
Quae captivorum sustinuêre lyras,
Et juga, et aestivos fluvio quos inter amoeno
Laberis Aonidum tu, Thamesine, domos.

Apud Etonas, 1840.

¹ Marquess of Wellesley.



FAREWELL TO ETON COLLEGE.

(Translation from the Latin.)



S when a sailor far about to roam
Casts his last look upon his native home,
And, while the vessel courts the favouring breeze,
With tearful eyes the fading headlands sees ;
Thus I, ere through life's giddy surge I sail,
Or trust my bark to Fortune's fickle gale,
Etona's hallowed shrines, while yet I may,
For the last time with lingering love survey :
In her last efforts droops my downcast Muse,
And would, if might be, this sad task refuse :
Still in the sacred spot I fain would dwell,
Still would I court the Muse I loved so well.
My lot forbids, and with their stern decree
The Fates have closed Etona's gates to me.
Go, then, I must : yet Eton, ere we part,
Take the last tribute of my swelling heart.
Go, then, I must : yet, wheresoe'er I may
Through Life's dull voyage wend my weary way,
Enshrined in Memory still thy name will live
With honours, such as boyhood's tongue can give.
Farewell, bright Thames, where Nymphs Aonian dwell,
And down whose current strains celestial swell,
Where first with venturous hands, and youthful fire,
To Latian moods I woke the slumbering lyre :

FAREWELL TO ETON COLLEGE.

And ye too, strains, farewell ; and if my lays
Have e'er deserved a small award of praise,
Now by your kind assistance borne along
Glide the sad current of my Farewell-song.
Oh ! were it written in my Fortune's page
With plaudits loud to leave dear Eton's stage,
That then, when Time has rolled its years between,
I might again reseek thy much loved scene,
Again in spite of envious years grow young,
And mix again my well-known mates among ;
Nor might I then thus reinspired refuse
To woo again my whilom silent Muse.
Such visions I indulge : such thoughts as these,
Life's labour o'er, old Wellesley's heart could please,
Could gild his closing hour with brightest ray,
Charm gnawing care, and fell disease, away ;
Wellesley ! the statesman, warrior, and sage,
Wellesley, who sinking slow in honoured age
With youthful fervour woke his classic lyre
To Judah's sorrows, and their Master's ire,
And gliding from that scene recalled the days
Of youthful triumphs, and forgotten bays,
Won on Etona's fields, where famed in song
Wanders old Thames with silvery waves along.

Eton College, July, 1840.
(*The very last.*)

*TRANSLATION OF
MOORE'S "OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT."*

§ AEPE per noctem mediam, priusquam
Torpidos sensus sopor alligârit,
Lux peractorum tacito dierum
Pectore surgit.

Gaudia, ah ! dulces lacrymae Juventae,
Verba, lucentes oculi, jocòse
Corda quae quondam micuère, sed nunc
Clausula sepulcro.

Corde cum mecum tacito recordor,
Quot prius dulces coiêre amici,
Qui velut terrâ cecidêre saevo
Tempore brumae

Concitrae frondes, vacuum per aulam
Lumine extincto videor corollas
Marcidas inter sociis relictis
Ire catervis.

Cockayne Hatley, 1840.

*ON THE RETURN TO FRANCE OF THE
REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.*

PEACE to thy ashes ! thee again we hail,
Thou great, thou glorious conqueror ! to thee
Loud shouts of welcome once again prevail,
And in glad homage Gallia bends her knee !
Again triumphant ! who could then foresee,
When on the plain thy routed eagles fell,
Again to thee that shouts of victory,
Again to thee that choral hymns, should swell,
And France again receive the chief she loved so well !

Peace to thy ashes ! Death itself scarce seems
For thee a certain resting-place to find :
Forth from the tomb thy conquering spirit gleams
In death triumphant ! nor art thou confined
By the sad bonds, which fetter all mankind !
Could all thy matchless conquests be in vain ?
Could memory to thy glorious name be blind !
Forth from thy distant exile o'er the main
Napoleon once returns to France, to France again !

THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.

Peace to thy ashes ! Gallia's vine-clad hills
Echo the sounds of triumph and of praise :
One name alone Fame's brazen trumpet fills,
One name alone adored in future days
In History's page, and Poet's golden lays :
One name, that still o'er valiant hearts will sway,
Still shine triumphant with undying blaze,
Till Gallia's empire dream-like pass away,
And time, the world's destroyer, time itself decays.

Peace to thy ashes ! 'neath the cloistered stone
Charles, the first founder of Gaul's Empire, lies,
And still by Memory's pious hand is shown,
Where sleeps the great, the valiant, and the wise.
Where thy tall column tow'ring to the skies
With silent voice commemorates thy praise,
There in sad grandeur be thy obsequies,
That Gallia's children may with awe-struck gaze
Think of their greatest Hero in their proudest days.

Haileybury College, 1840.



TRANSLATION OF "HORACE, ODES," II, 3.

WHEN Fortune frowns, an equal mind
Your best, your surest, friend you'll find :
But in the prosp'rous hour
Exult not with unseeming pride,
Nor trust too much to Fortune's tide,
Nor mock the tyrant's power.

Whether through endless years of pain
You've mourned stern Fortune's iron reign ;
Or all the livelong day,
With wine, that marked with ancient date
Has 'scaped the greedy hand of fate,
You've whiled stern care away ;

Where the tall pine, and poplar grey,
A hospitable shade display ;
Where canopied on high,
Tinged by the sun's receding beam,
Down the smooth rock the wandering stream
Runs gently murmuring by :

Bring garlands of the blushing rose,
Fit emblems of our short repose ;
The sparkling goblet fill,
While fate allows us, and the thread
Of human bliss is not yet sped
At the drear Sisters' will.

TRANSLATION OF "HORACE."

Your parks, for which you thousands gave,
Your villas washed by Thames' wave,

Must go when you decay :

All that your thrifty hand can spare,
In secret hoard some greedy heir

Too soon will bear away.

Whether with Rothschild wealth you shine,
Or sprung from Stuart's royal line,

You draw this fleeting breath ;

Or whether through the world you roam
Without a purse, a friend, a home,

Still you must bow to death.

All, all must go, or soon, or late :
Of all mankind the dubious fate

Lies in the destined urn :

The boat must bear us o'er the stream,
Where never solar splendours gleam,

Whence we must ne'er return.

Haileybury College, 1840.



A BUCOLIC, AFTER VIRGIL.

THE heavens with more than noonday brightness
gleam ;

On Hall, and Chapel, falls the downward beam :
Forth from the College, where gods used to dwell,
And still by godlike heroes loved so well,
Two Students issued, scarcely they, I ween,
Of mortal figure, or terrestrial mien :
Garments their backs of dubious colour wear,
And College-caps enclose their flowing hair :
With pipe in mouth, and sauntering step and slow,
Out at the archway to the fields they go.
At length Alexis the long silence broke,
And thus unto his brother Florus spoke :

“ Let us to some pure classic grove repair,
“ To cooler regions, and a purer air,
“ And quaff recumbent in the grateful shade
“ What gods call nectar, mortals lemonade,
“ And eat ambrosia fashioned into cake,
“ Which fairy hands in earthly ovens bake.”
“ Agreed ” : could Florus such a wish refuse,
Florus, the favoured favourite of the Muse,
Florus, who might have shone in classic lore
On Isis’ bank, or Camus’ sedgy shore,
Had not stern destiny’s relentless hand
Doomed him to exile on far India’s strand ?

A BUCOLIC.

“ Agreed, and let us our repast prolong
In playful numbers and alternate song.”
He spake exulting : challenged not in vain
Commenced Alexis his harmonious strain.

ALEXIS.

“ Sweet is the shade in piping hour of noon,
“ And this fair garden in the month of June ;
“ Sweet, passing sweet, when just the term is o’er,
“ To think of lectures and exams no more :
“ ’T is sweet your health for just one day to lose,
“ And bless the Doctor for an extra snooze.
“ Sweet are Hall-puddings, but far sweeter still
“ To see receipted the long half-year bill :
“ But sweeter far than shade, sleep, puddings, all,
“ The smiles of Phyllis, which my heart enthrall.”

FLORUS.

“ Sad to have stingy parents, sad to stand
“ Convicted with a cracker in your hand :
“ Sad are the thoughts, which fill the breast with fear
“ Just when examination-time is near :
“ And sad to find, when all th’ exam is done,
“ No marks for Persian, Sanskrit less than none :
“ A hideous dream of pluck, but sadder still
“ To find that vision cruel Fate fulfil :
“ ’T is sad your time in ‘ Rustic ’ trips to while :
“ But sadder far, when Delia will not smile.”

A BUCOLIC.

ALEXIS.

- “ But who like me can merit such a prize ?
“ Who more than me can please a woman’s eyes ?
“ What girl my figure without rapture sees ?
“ Surely my face, my looks, were made to please.
“ What cricketer like me can urge the ball
“ Far, far beyond the furthest fag to fall ?
“ Who can like me with scientific art
“ Take the light bail, and make the player start ?
“ Whose fingers are more sure ? all, all must still
“ Admire my action, and applaud my skill.
“ Who can the football’s bounding force control,
“ With kick gigantic gain the conquering goal ?
“ In yonder court what youth audacious strives
“ ’Gainst me to play the glorious game of fives ?
“ And who exulting on the waves of Lea
“ Plies the thin oar with greater skill than me ?
“ Who less than me cares for collegiate thralls,
“ Who cut more Chapels, and who miss more Halls ? ”

FLORUS.

- “ Grant it : I do not your endeavours blame :
“ Mine is a nobler, mine a loftier aim.
“ On classic wings to leave the world behind,
“ To feed the genius, cultivate the mind,
“ Commit to paper thoughts so pure, so high,
“ That men will not forget them, when you die ;
“ Sixty years hence to read them, what a joy !
“ ‘ I ’m glad I wrote like this, when still a boy.’

A BUCOLIC.

“ While you indulge in field-sports such as these,
“ Far other joys kind fate to me decrees :
“ In Oriental literature to shine,
“ And seek the hoards of India’s golden mine.
“ ’Tis mine from ancient volumes to unfold
“ What Brahmins *said*, or Rajas *did*, of old :
“ To dig down to the origin of things,
“ Below great cities and the pride of Kings,
“ Find out the Truth, and feel, that it is true,
“ What Socrates the wise, and gentle Buddha, knew :
“ Or, haply wandering roseate bowers among,
“ To melt o’er Sadi’s flower-bespangled song ;
“ While Indian thoughts and Indian words inspire
“ The Latian Muse’s consecrated lyre.
“ These are my day-dreams : weapons I can wield
“ Keener than those, which grace your cricket-field.
“ In such to triumph may it be my lot,
“ Though Greek and Latin ne’er can be forgot.”

THE OWNER OF THE GARDEN.

“ Cease, cease your strains : slow from his glorious throne
“ The sun descends, and noonday heat is gone :
“ And hark ! with welcome and accustomed knell,
“ Through the thick trees resounds the dinner-bell.
“ Haste and away ! obey the joyful call !
“ Go seek your gowns, and put them on for Hall !
“ Haste and away ! but stop one moment, pray !
“ You for th’ Ambrosia, you the Nectar pay ! ”

Haileybury College, 1840.

TRANSLATION OF "HORACE, ODES," II, 16.

FOR ease the storm-tost sailor cries,
While roaring winds and lowering skies
Perplex his varying way,
While Cynthia hides her silver horn,
While mists obscure, by whirlwinds born,
Orion's golden ray.

For ease the warlike Russ; for ease,
While bounds his shallop o'er the seas,
The pirate-chieftain calls,
Which neither treasures can provide,
Nor purple garments, nor the pride
Of England's lordly halls.

For not the Consul's short-lived reign,
The "fasces" proud, the menial train,
Can drive stern care away:
Nor can the sceptred monarch find
Those spirits pure, that easy mind,
That cares but for to-day.

Ah! well is he, whose happy life
Knows neither sorrow, fear, nor strife,
Whose sleep no cares destroy;

TRANSLATION OF "HORACE."

Whose board no glittering splendours grace,
But the sweet smile, the happy face,
His sole, his purest joy.

Ah ! why does fickle-hearted man
Attempt so much in life's short span ?
Why fly his country's shore ?
What wretch expelled his native land,
Has found that peace on foreign strand,
Which here he found no more ?

Lo ! winged with more than lightning's speed
Care climbs the bark, Care mounts the steed,
A sure tenacious foe :
Faster than o'er his native hill
Bounds the fleet stag, and faster still
Than southern whirlwinds blow.

He, whom no anxious thought annoys,
Grateful the present hour enjoys
With calm, unruffled mind :
Blunt sorrow's dart with ready jest,
For naught is here so surely blest
As ne'er repulse to find.

To some long life's protracted state ;
To some, alas ! the hand of Fate
Decrees an early grave !
Perchance to me th' Eternal Powers
May grant some sweeter, happier hours,
Than those to you they gave :

TRANSLATION OF "HORACE."


The bounteous hand of God to you
Has made the doubtful balance true ;
 And midst of worldly strife,
With equal share of harmless joys,
Which grief ne'er wears, nor care alloys,
 Ordains thy quiet life :

To me the same kind hand bestows
Those joys, which boyhood only knows,
 Life's stream to glide along ;
To mock at care's resistless power,
And oft to soothe the lonely hour
 With such inglorious song.

Haileybury College, 1840.

TRANSLATION OF ANACREON.

"Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες."

NACREON, the ladies say,
Come take your glass, and tell us, pray,
Why are your bonny locks so grey,
 Why is your pate so bare ?

I ken not, neither fashed am I
To see them gone, for I will try,
Although the long years swiftly fly,
 For love the more to care.

Haileybury College, 1840.

ODE : AD AMICUM.

DN ! Decembrales subeunt Calendae,
Termini finem gremio ferentes,
Dissipa nugas, et inusitados
Sume libellos.

Jam satis longo positae veterno
Scrinio invisae latuère chartae :
Splendeat lampas, tacitumque nôrit
Janua limen.

Namque post ludos juvenis protervos
Sub diem frustra properat supremum,
Terminum si quâ poterit secundum
Tangere felix.

Ah ! miser ! fuis prohibent malignis
Invidae sortes : sociasque nolens
Deserit turmas, et inauspicatâ
“ Vellitur ” horâ.

Mercuri, nam te pueris magistro
Poma vicino rapiuntur horto,
Tu Professorum potes arte mirâ
Fallere mentes !

Rite tu vati decus appetenti
Des inoptatum : sine te catenis
Vocis Eoae nequit expediri
Nostra juvenus.

Haileybury College, 1840.

*“TEMPORA MUTANTUR: NOS ET MUTAMUR
IN ILLIS.”*

I CANNOT tell, I cannot tell,
Why thoughts, that once I loved' so well,
No pleasure now convey :
Some weight upon my bosom lies,
While new pursuits, new cares, arise,
And hold disputed sway.

No longer to the sacred shore
I fly of consecrated lore,
Which once I called my own.
I've burst the sweet enchanter's chains :
The classic Muse no longer reigns
Unrivalled and alone.

Fired by Tyrtaean measures I
Had learnt, how valiant men could die
At Freedom's warlike call ;
And almost fancied I could wield
With them my falchion, and my shield,
And for my country fall.

For me the rustic's quiet ease,
When Maro sang, had power to please
Remote from war's alarms :

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

I've fled with Flaccus from the state,
And purple splendour of the great,
 To my own Sabine farm.

What though Valmiski pours along
The rapid tide of mystic song
 To Rama's endless praise :
Though Hafiz, on his lyre divine,
To cares of love, and joys of wine,
 Awakes his sparkling lays :

Yet could th' Anacreontic fire,
Or smooth Tibullus' classic lyre,
 The lingering hours beguile :
And who more sweetly, nobly, sings
The arms and dynasties of kings
 Than He of Scio's isle ?

Methought the honied Attic Bee,
Or the great sire of Tragedy,
 My soul would ever please :
Methought I never could disdain
The finished tender-hearted strain
 Of soft Euripides.

But lo ! the shifting scenes disclose
Barbaric pomps, and foreign shows
 Before my wond'ring eyes :
With forms mysterious, dimly grand,
To Kalidása's magic wand
 New characters arise.

" *TEMPORA MUTANTUR.*"

Still from the Oriental page,
The cares which now my thoughts engage,
 And my full bosom lade,
My liberated thoughts repair
To Thames' banks, and hover there
 Round Eton's hallowed shade.

Oh ! once again those days to live !
Oh ! for one hour I'd gladly give
 One hour of olden times,
All the musk-scented gales, that fling
Their odours round th' eternal Spring
 Of Oriental climes.

Haileybury College, 1841.



THE FAIRIES' DEFENCE.

DO they say we are gone? do they say we are sped?
That the echo no longer resounds to our tread?
That our haunts are all empty by spring, and by dell,
That the fairies no longer in old England dwell?
Vain, short-sighted mortals, yet still we are here:
Our light-footed trippings by moonlight we hold;
We still can inspire the lone rustic with fear,
We still are the guardians of homestead and fold!

We bound o'er the mountain, we float o'er the wave,
Our forms in the cool-flowing river we lave:
When we spring from the earth, and mount on the gale,
The clouds are our chariots, the zephyrs our sail.
Still, still on the night of All Hallows' eve
Our shadowy bands to the gloom we display:
Still, still the light dance we fantastically weave
In silvery armour, and fairy array.

We know there are islands beyond the blue seas,
Of which sages have written, and poets still dream,
Where odours celestial float on the breeze,
And the sun reigns on high with his undying beam.

THE FAIRIES' DEFENCE.

O yes! there are islands so bright and so clear ;
But, believe us, we tell you, those islands are here ;
For where do the breezes more fragrantly blow ?

Or where does kind Nature, with liberal hand,
Her beauties more largely, more gratefully, throw
On a fairer, a freer, a happier land ?

Woe, woe to the wretch, who thinks light of our spell,
Who plucks our young flowers, and drinks of our well !
Woe, woe to the wretch, who intrudes on our games,
Despises our power, and laughs at our names !

Beware, then, ye rustics, tread lightly the ground,
When homeward mid twilight and darkness you hie ;
Offend not our hearing with ill-mannered sound,
Nor dare on our circles mysterious to spy !

Haileybury College, 1841.



TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

"Sie sollen ihn nicht haben."—ANON.

THE Rhine! the Rhine! oh! ne'er shall they
The German Rhine enthrall,
What though like vultures o'er their prey
Their wacry loud they call.

Long, as with hanging verdure crowned,
She cuts her silvery way;
Long as a single skiff is found
O'er her smooth breast to stray.

The Rhine! oh ne'er shall they lay low
The freemen of the Rhine,
While hearts grow warm, and bosoms glow,
With draughts of Rhenish wine;

While many a castled summit lowers
Above the labouring stream,
While holy fanes, and antique towers,
In her clear current gleam.

Ne'er shall the Rhenish heart beneath
The yoke of bondage bow,
While hardy youth their love till death
To Rhenish damsels vow;

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

While still the finny tribes along
Her glassy currents glide,
While still the legendary song
Is a free country's pride.

The Rhine! oh ne'er shall they as slaves
Her German sons control,
Till—till (far be the day!) her waves
O'er the last freeman roll.

Haileybury College, 1841.

TRANSLATION OF THE INSCRIPTION ON A
PILLAR AT THE SOURCE OF THE NEW
RIVER, AMWELL, HERTFORDSHIRE.

IT tibi perpetuum, felix Amwelle, fluentum ;
Fonte tuo nunquam sit, precor, unda minor.
Millia namque bibunt, quæis nunquam cura subivit,
Unde fluens illis gaudia portet aqua.

Ingratorum hominum per plurima saecula donis
Vescitur exstructis gens rationis inops.
Naturae fruitur mirabilis arte benignâ,
Nec reddit grates, qui dedit omne, Deo.

Haileybury College, 1842.

TRANSLATION OF "HORACE, ODES," I, 22.

HE, who is pure in thought and deed,
Of Moorish javelin has no need,
No need of Scythian bow :
An easy heart, an upright mind,
A surer safeguard you will find,
My friend, where'er you go,

Whether you tempt the stormy deep,
Where the tempestuous billows sweep
Round Syrtes' dangerous shoals ;
Climb haughty Caucasus, or stray
Where, sung in many an ancient lay,
The famed Hydaspes rolls :

For whilst I through the Sabine grove
Unconscious wandered, whilst of love,
Of Lalagé, I sang,
From the dark thickets of the wood,
Although alone, unarmed I stood,
A wild wolf from me sprang.

No such escape from sylvan foe
(As Daunia's warlike children know)
In their beech-groves befell ;
Nor can the Libyan deserts, where
The lion holds his secret lair,
So dire a portent tell.

TRANSLATION OF "HORACE."

Oh ! place me where no verdant trees
Invite the Zephyr's genial breeze
Through the green leaves to blow ;
Oh ! bear me to those horrid plains,
Where darkness atmospheric reigns,
And Winter's lasting snow ;

Or place me 'neath the torrid Zone
In trackless climes of waste, alone,
Where mortals dare not dwell :
Still from my lips one name shall spring ;
Her sweetly-speaking will I sing,
And sweetly-smiling tell.

Haileybury College, 1841.



ODE "AD AMICUM." (AFTER HORACE.)

PERSICOS odi nimium libellos;
Mitte sectari ratione tortas
Barbarâ voces, et inexplicandae
Dissona linguae :

Pone me siccis Orientis oris,
Fervidum torre jecur, et propinqui
Aureo tingant faciem colore
Lumina solis :

Ne tamen sedes precor has reductum,
Me sopor rursus male dormientem
Cogat aegrotâ medicos nefandè
Fallere voce :

Te voco, cui fata dedêre functos
Horridâ Manes cohibere virgâ,
Indicum tu nos grege luctuosâ
Ducis ad Orcum :

Tu potes palmam dare, tu catenas
Rumpis, ambagesque, et operta Juris ;
Te sago demissa vocat patenti
Nostra juvenus :

Gratiam tantos, Deus, ob favores
Rite perpendens, Ego non litabo
Farra, nec conspersa molâ juvenca
Stabit ad aras :

Has tamen chartas, manibusque linguae
Vix satis tritum voveo libellum
Persicae, quocum valeas jocosè
"Vellere" Divos.

Haileybury College, 1842.

EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER HENRY IN INDIA.


QUA tibi longinquis alio sub sole morantem
Littoribus, Frater, se trahat hora vice ?
Quae tibi sint curae, tibi quae distinguat euntes
Laetitiae major pars, meliorque, dies ?
Quaerimus : in veteres sic sponte relabimur artes,
Pieriam insuetam, sepositosque modos.
Quae mihi cum Musis, Frater, concordia ? quid nunc
Cura est, Pieridum sit, pereatve, chorus ?
Culmina Parnassi, eternâ frondentia laurû,
Deserui, Phoebi deseruique lyram,
Assolitos pedibus lucos, rivosque beatos,
Liminaque inivitus, Mater Etona, tua.
Inque peregrino cogor considerare luco,
Cogor et Eöum pervolitare nemus.
Nescio quâ praeter solitum dulcedine capti
In veteris laudes labimur usque domûs,
Fingimus atque animo sedes, horasque beatas,
Et quô quaeque modo sit peragenda dies.
Illic larga subest peregrini fratris imago, et
Crede mihi, vitae plurime cura tuae.
Felices ludi comites, sociique laborum,
Quando iterum vobis laetus, ut ante, vacem !
Quando iterum exutis mihi fas accingier armis
Et mihi quando iterum talis amicus erit !
Pinge animo quantas haec littera tangerit oras
Ante tuam poterit quàm tetigisse manum :

EPISTLE TO MY BROTHER HENRY IN INDIA.

Quantos per fluctus, quantae per jugera terrae,
Iverit hoc nostrae pignus amicitiae.
Transcurrendus erit pontus male navibus aptus,
Pontus ob infidas nomine notus aquas :
Et mare Erythraeum, quà fulmine, et igne, Jehovah
Numinis explicuit pignora certa sui.
Finibus Aegypti neu, cum tenet anchora puppem,
Crede tibi exactum littera missa, viam.
Longa via est ultra, longum maris aequor arandum,
Et celer, et faustum sit tibi, Navis, iter.
Hinc age mordaces curas, mentisque tumultus ;
Conveniunt nostrae tristia nulla lyrae.
Quid si non iterum liceat pueriliter aevum
Ducere ; non iterum ludere, ut ante, vacet,
Annorum saltem cursu properante fruamur,
Colloquiae curae discutiatur acus.
Currite ducentes momentum temporis, Horae :
Ite : repentinum non ego quaeros fugam.
Hora, precor, propera : jam tempus adesse vitetur,
Quando iterum licèat jungere, ut ante, manus,
Jungere amicitiae nexu, dulcique loquelâ
Pene oblivisci praeteriisse dies.
Multa licet tellus, multum nos dividat aequor,
Per mare, per terras, pectora jungit Amor.
Vive memor nostri : qualis mihi pectore surgit
Cura tui, talis sit tibi cura mei.

Haileybury College, 1842.

*TRANSLATION OF SIR W. JONES' EPIGRAM,
"WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE."*

NDE Urbs ? ingentis non propugnacula muri ;
Aggere non Urbem moenia cincta tenent :
Robore non arces valido, turresque superbae,
Portaque in hostiles objice clausa manus.
Non portus, quô tuta ratem tenet anchora quassam,
Ridet et exclusas regia classis aquas.
Fautorum non turpe genus, mendacia fingens ;
Mittens indignas lingua nefanda preces.
Sed Cives, forti pugnantes pectore Cives,
Commoda qui patriae, qui sua jura, colunt :
Qui dextrâ leges audent servare paternas :
Hos vocat Urbs natos, his sine nulla viget.

Haileybury College, June, 1842.

TRANSLATION OF A GERMAN SONG.

"Nun sagt ihr mir Leute, was soll das sein."—ANON.

BY the waters I strayed 'neath the silver moonlight,
When I saw to my reckoning a wondrous sight :
In the depths of the thicket a hunter was seen,
With bugle on shoulder, and vested in green :
Forth sprang the swift deer from bush, and from brake :
But what did that hunter ? He gazed on the lake :
On my ears the shrill notes of a bugle-call fell :
What means that shrill summons, my readers can tell.

And further, and further, I scarce had me hied,
When a still more wondrous sight I espied :
A light fishing-bark on the waters career'd ;
Its course to the shore by a maiden was steered :
The finny tribes leapt from their smooth glassy bed :
But what did that maiden ? Her nets are not spread ;
For landwards she gazes with wistful eye :
My readers may solve this mystery.

Still further I strayed in this secret dell,
And the most wondrous sight I have now to tell :
A riderless horse to the branches was tied,
And a light fishing-bark was moored by its side :
But what do their owners ? Maybe that I 've err'd,
But I fancy some soft honied whispers I heard :
And 't was night ; the moon shining with brilliant sheen :
Tell, tell me, ye wise ones, what can such things mean ?

Haileybury College, 1842.

CLOSE TRANSLATION OF THE SANSKRIT
INTO LATIN PROSE.

Aeneas loquitur.

- I. Ehem ! mihi hanc unam rem plane ignotam, Venerande, benigne eloquaris, scilicet quomodo, quare Animus corporeis vinculis immunem sese expedit.
- II. Quâ parte secunda cum corpore connexio, quâ parte ad coeli regiones fuga ; quam ob causam in pectore vitam relinquentium dolor oritur ; haec cuncta bene divisa eloquaris.
- III. His verbis auditis Senex magna sorte praeditus ita filium suum allocutus est, ignotas animi facultates cognoscere studentem, atque ordine singula explicat.

Sapiens illustris loquitur.

- IV. Audi, fili : ego tibi admirandam mundi, et mundanorum originem tibi explicabo : quascunque me postulasti, eas vero à me verisimiles res audies.
- V and VI. Scilicet Animus, quem Homines, mentes scientia, prudentiâque metiri nequeunt, invisibilis, in mille partes divisus pervadit cuncta membra, omnesque regiones : nempe coeli, coelestiumque dominum expansa, necnon terram Oceani fluctu quasi vallo muroque munitam, necnon Lunam quam Homines Noctes signum vocant, splendentibus stellis, quae velut Lunae satellites apparent, undique percinctam.

TRANSLATION OF
VIRGIL'S "AENEID," VI, 719-751.

ऐनियसुवाच

हन्तेतदेकमञ्चातं मे वाक्यं वदन् भवानू ।
कथं शरीरबन्धातू किं कुतो देही विमुच्यते ॥ १ ॥
क शरीरपुर्णयोगः क गतिसू चिदिवं प्रति ।
क प्राणत्यागदुःखार्थः तन्मे ब्रुहि विनिश्चितं ॥ २ ॥
एनच्छ्रुत्वा महाभागः पुत्रमनुपदंगुहः ।
आत्मास्त्राङ्गुताविघ्नां त्रिचासुमभ्यभासत ॥ ३ ॥

॥ मर्हषिहवाच ॥

शृणु पुत्र प्रवक्षामि लोकानामाश्चार्यसम्भवं ।
यदू यदू पृच्छसि मे वाक्यं ततू तच्छ्रोष्यसि सत्यकं ॥ ४ ॥
चिदिवव्योमसर्वस्वं समुद्रवेलभूतलं ।
निश्चेतुंच भासन्तसोमानुगासमन्वितं ॥ ५ ॥
सर्वांगदेशमव्यक्तः समश्रुते महस्रया ।
मनुष्यबुद्धिचिञ्चानादप्रमेयः सर्वात्मिकः ॥ ६ ॥

- VII. Hoc spiritu Animus vitalium, hoc spiritu Anima etiam ortum habet: hoc spiritu pecudum, bestiarumque genera, volucrumque coelo volitantium turbae pervaduntur: quaeque alia animalia, formâ miranda praedita, generat Oceanus, margaritarum Productor.
- VIII. Ex his seminibus inexplicando vigore praeditis generatur coelestis origo (eorum) queis, coeli spatium adire cupientibus, nec telluris contactus impedire valet.
- IX. Quid enim valet corporis moribunda vincula, e carne ossibusque constituti? Quid Animi vigor, qui sese per omnia insinuit, mundorumque regnum sibi vindicat?
- X. Corpore insiti sunt cupidinis timorisque affectus: corpore gaudii irarumque mutabiles tumultus: corpore hominum vinculis, tenebris quasi noctis ignorantiae connexa, illigatio.
- XI. Nequaquam enim quô tempore Animus mortali Corporis vinculo sese liberum vindicat, eò tempore coeli viam capit, gaudioque immortalis immiscetur.
- XII. Nequaquam a vinculis bonarum malarumque actionum, nequaquam cupidinis, Amoris, iraeque affectibus, nequaquam gaudiis, doloribusque, quos frigoris calorisque sensus generat, libertatem adeptus est.
- XIII. Quodcunque enim veteris sit criminis vestigium, quodcunque vel priora vitâ minus rectum sit facinus perpetratum, his vinculis eò ut expediaris, Castigationis Via, tibi, Fili, calcanda est.
- XIV. Quidam tempestatem vi, ventisque hinc atque hinc jactantur; quidam fluctibus immerguntur; quidam etiam flammâ comburuntur.

तस्मादात्मा मनुषानां तस्मात्प्राण उत्पद्यते ।
 तस्मात्पशवः चत्वाश्व गणाश्च व्योमचरिनां ।
 येचान्ये ह्यपाश्चाद्या रत्नाकरसमुद्रजाः ॥ ७ ॥
 तेषामद्भुतवीर्येषु वीजेषु दिव्यसम्भवः ।
 यां न गगनयियासूं ह्यण्डि भूमिस्पर्शनः ॥ ८ ॥
 क्व हि निर्मितमांसास्त्रि शरीरमर्त्यबन्धनं ।
 क्व शरीरिसू तु लोकानामविहितगतिर्प्रभुः ॥ ९ ॥
 देहाल लोभभया देहादू विकारो हर्षक्रोधयोः ।
 देहादू मनूनामज्ञानक्षपातमसबन्धकः ॥ १० ॥
 न हि शरीरमर्त्यातू तु यदा बन्धातू विमुच्यते ।
 ततो दिवगतो देही सुःखमचयमश्नुते ॥ ११ ॥
 न सुदुष्कृतकर्माणां न लोभक्लामक्रोधयोः ।
 शीतोष्मसुखदुःखानां वियोगमधिगच्छति ॥ १२ ॥
 यदू हि स्थातू पूर्वपापं ते यतू पूर्वजन्मदुष्कृतं ।
 गन्तव्यसू ते तपस्त्रागिः येन तेभ्यः विमोचनः ॥ १३ ॥
 केचिदू मरुतवेगेन वायुभिश्च विधूनिताः ।
 केचिदु वारिषु वर्त्यन्ते कांचिदू दहति पावकः ॥ १४ ॥

- XV. Omnes quidem Animi in suas quisque sedes properant,
eò ut illia castigatione severâ prioris vitae facinora
eluantur.
- XVI. His laboribus finitis vinculis suis expediuntur, et
in coelestibus regionibus congregantur, pauci verò,
felicitate tamen adaucti, atque immortalitate praediti.
- XVII. In quâ coelesti habitatione, post longum temporis
intervallum productâ Animus tandem omnigenorum
criminem, dolorum, et calamitatum labe liberum sese
expedit.
- XVIII. Tum vero Annorum mille, centumque spatia
praeteribunt antequàm Pluto, Tartari Gubernator
omnes iterum propter Lethes flumen iterum congre-
gaverit.
- XIX. Tunc eveniet, ut regiones Solis lumine illustratae
sint habitandae, iis saltem, quorum Animi secunda
vitâ corpore sint conjuncti.

Haileybury College, July, 1842.

(The final examination by Professor Horace Hayman Wilson.)

सर्वे स्त्रां स्त्रां विविक्तां तुविशन्ति देहिनी दिशं ।

पूर्वजन्मस्य पापानां चरन्तो दुष्करं तपः ॥ १५ ॥

ततो बन्धविमुक्तास् ते स्वर्गस्नानुत्तमं दिशं ।

स्वप्नाः श्रीमतराः नम्यन्वमृतत्वाय कल्पिताः ॥ १६ ॥

यस्मिन्सुखनिवासे तु बह्वलकालचेपने ।

सर्वपापदुःखव्यथातू पविचात्मा विमुच्यते ॥ १७ ॥

समानां तु सहस्राणि व्यलेष्यन्ति शतानि च ।

यदा सर्वा यमो जेषाम्समेष्यति नदीमनु ॥ १८ ॥

ततो रविभासदेशः वशितव्यो भविष्यति ।

येषामात्मा पुनर्जन्मि शरीरेन प्रयुज्यते ॥ १९ ॥

SCENES IN ITALY. (A FRAGMENT.)

NATIONS may change : wild war, or destiny,
May sweep an Empire from the stage, and lay
A city in the dust : men, manners, languages,
All own the sharp necessity of Time,
Time the destroyer : by his power unmoved
Nature preserves her face immutable :
From age to age unscathed, she still presents
The same marked features of her varied scene.

* * * *

This is the charm, whene'er our wandering feet
To hallowed scenes we turn, and bend our heads
Beneath the humble porch of some great man,
Some man of ancient days. Pause, look around :
The walls can scarce be said to be the same,
That met his sacred gaze : all within
Betrays the weakness of Mortality.
Now through the windows gaze : that distant glen ;
That chain of fading hills ; those sunny plains,
Basking in noontide brightness ; that clear stream,
Now glittering in the sun, now vanishing,
Lost to the eye save, where along the dell
Attendant willows mark its onward course
On to the Ocean. Canst thou doubt, that this,

SCENES IN ITALY.

This was the scene, which lent a charm, which wooed
To this fair spot the great creative mind,
Which now we worship ? for the more we gaze
The more we feel, as if we could throw off
The weight of years, and backward on the scale
Of centuries leap beyond the awful bar,
Which separates the Present, and the Past.
Nature, the true interpreter of men,
Laughs at the threat of Time : vain, fickle man
May change his gaudy trappings, and assume
New colours with the varying year : all fade
And fall together, Art and Artizan :
But Nature, bursting at the opening year
With annual pride, resumes her garb of green,
Unchanged, undying ; varying, still the same.
Yet there are moments, when we fain would leave
Thoughts of the Present, when we would throw away
Our load of present ills, and careless live
A life of Vision and of Phantasy,
Live with the heroes of the Past, with them
Known to us well, whose every act and thought
Are sacred in our eyes.

Oh for one hour with men of classic Rome !
One hour with Flaccus ! how many subtle points
Have I to ask him about ancient Rome ?
How many a weighty question to unravel
On classic lore ? how quick would pass the day
In such converse beneath th' Italian sky,
Tempered by grateful cups of that Falernian
So often sung, not undisturbed perhaps

SCENES IN ITALY.

By some sweet note from Lesbia's tuneful lyre,
Or still more honied voice ! That were a day
Worthy a Monarch's crown ! So deep a joy,
Not so defined as indefinable,
We feel within ourselves, when first our eyes
Rest on some landscape sacred to the name
Of Him, who once on it had loved to gaze.

Florence, October, 1842.

* * * *

There reclines
Rome in her civic pride : in that one spot
All that Wealth, Pride, and Art, could bring together
Exert their magic influence. Arch on Arch,
Terrace on Terrace, rise the lordly Halls,
And towering Palaces, and world-renowned Fanes,
Peopled with Heroes, Statesmen, names that live
In after ages, and recall the days
Of Roman greatness : there a Caesar held
His lordly revel, and in stately pomp
Planned the o'erthrowal of his country's Laws :
Within those selfsame walls, alas ! too soon,
He, he expired, the young, the loved, the fair,
The beautiful Marcellus, whose blest lot it was
To die, and gain a never-dying fame
In Maro's golden lays.

Rome, 1842.

* * * *

I well remember how one Winter's day
I stood in sunny Italy : such a scene

SCENES IN ITALY.

Before my eyes was spread of humbled pride
And ruined greatness: such as once had met
The moralizing eye of that great Roman,
The wisest, and the greatest. Before me lay
The beauteous bay of Baiae, and around me
Mountains, lakes, valleys, famed in classic song,
Full of deep interest, and high renown,
Known from my childhood, scarcely felt till now.
I sat upon the ridge, that separates
The mythic from the real: before me lay
Remnants of cities known in ancient days,
Ports crowded once with royal argosies,
From far Arabia, and the unknown shores
Of India and Cathay: on the other side
Opened a world of Poetry and Myth,
A world created by the giant mind
Of ancient bards, who in their song divine
Have blended Fable with Reality.

Thither, too,
The wise, the eloquent, the great, retired
From civil tumult, and ungrateful pomp,
To taste the sweets of dignity and ease,
Not unattended perhaps by such, as knew
To strike the lyre, and while their verses praise
The charms of liquid Baiae, to extol
A patron and a friend.

In this one spot
A frightful mass of Roman guilt, and shame,
Accumulated; acts elsewhere counted sins
Here passed as virtues: here Parricide
Obtained a glorious infamy, and the son

SCENES IN ITALY.

Here gazed unmoved upon the murdered corpse
Of Her, who bore him ; here in state reposed
The ashes of that Mother. Calm she sate,
Her hands upon her knees : with anxious brow
She meditates upon the fatal news,
And deeper falls Ingratitude's keen sting
Than Death itself. Though age had slightly tamed
The haughty fire of Agrippina's eye,
Though wan th' imperial cheeks, still, still we trace
The lineaments of Royalty, and admire
The marble beauty, which from the murderer
Drew forth an exclamation of surprise,
And wonder at her charms unchanged by Time.

Naples, 1842.



*TRANSLATION OF
ARCHBISHOP TRENCH'S "DAY OF DEATH."*

*With two additional original stanzas added in India,
1845-46 (marked *), after the Battles of Mudki and
Sobraon.*

NON vitanda nobis Hora,
Cum vox dicet: "Sine morâ
"Surgas: haec linquatur ora."

"Iter vitae post extremum
"Surgas, et accingas demum
"Ad longinquum et extremum."

Dies penitus reclusa
Nocte tenebris obtusâ!
Quae te rectè dicet Musa?

Nunc, aut olim sis futura,
Luce splendens, aut obscura,
Spem, metumve, portatura?

Citiùsne res agetur
Quam vox portâ audietur
Dicens: "Vitae lux claudetur?"

Passubusve ita lentis,
Ut conferrem firmus mentis
Vultum Tui venientis?

TRANSLATION OF TRENCH'S "DAY OF DEATH."

An lugentes triste fatum
Congregabunt circa stratum
Prece, luctu, ter beatum ?

Aut carissimis semotus,
Genus, et nomen ignotus,
Solutus tristes tollam motus ?

An quod linquam remanebit ;
Corda, quæis hoc cor haerebit,
Quae relinquens delugebit ?

An manebit nil quod plorem
Omnes carae res ad oram
Me praeibunt laetiores ?

* Inter homines pugnares,
* Scuto gladios vibrantes,
* Sensus cedam anhelantes ?

* Aut post pugnam tristiores
* Solus, nudus, per cruorem
* Gaudens ineam soporem ?

Cadamve leniter sopore ?
Me surrepet somni more
Mors profundo dulcior ?

An se demum curâ plena
Expedibit multâ poenâ
Semiruptâ Mens catenâ ?

TRANSLATION OF TRENCH'S "DAY OF DEATH."

Quid intersit modus, hora,
Sic nunc adsis, aut cum morâ,
Blanda aut saeva, gerens ora ?

Est decretum cunctis fatum,
Tu, Salvator, mortis stratum,
Fac, ut mihi sit beatum !

Naples, 1842.



PART II.

INDIA.

1843-1867.

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*AT THE SIGHT OF A COLLEGE-FRIEND ON
HIS DEATHBED.*

F the death-stricken youth, what must be the feeling,
As he feels his life ebbing away,
When over his frame Death's fell power is stealing,
And slowly extending its sway?

There is much to afflict him, that's been left undone,
And much, that has not been done well;
Vain pleasures there are, which he sought not to shun,
Temptations beneath which he fell.

In one rapid moment he glances all over
The tale of his happier years,
Of years long ago, when he wandered a rover
Through this valley of sorrow and tears.

Alas ! how few actions in Memory rising,
A joy satisfactory bring !
How seldom, all worldly opinion despising,
To Virtue alone did he cling !

A COLLEGE-FRIEND ON HIS DEATHBED.

Had he never a father, whose wishes he slighted,
And turned from his precepts away ?
Had he never a mother, whose fond wishes blighted
Were destined to vanish away ?

Short, short are his struggles : in that little hour
He has lived all his life o'er again,
From the earliest time, that he ere felt the power
Of pleasure untinctured by pain.

But, reft of all charms, now fall on his ear
Those allurements, that used so to please :
Oh ! can he have wasted so many a year
On such silly employments as these !

Much remains to be done, but his heart is now beating
With the last faint pulsation of breath ;
His limbs are relaxing, and life is retreating
Before the advance-guard of Death.

His eyes are now fixing in that glassy rigour,
Which once seen can ne'er be effaced :
In that stricken body of high manly vigour
How little remains to be traced !

Now his eyes from his eyelids convulsive are starting.
Now vitality's last breath has fled :
Oh ! pray for the soul, from the clay that is parting !
Think not of the body that's dead.

A COLLEGE-FRIEND ON HIS DEATHBED.

Dust back now to dust, earth to earth, are returning,
And the grave now receives back its own ;
But the spirit, mortality's tenement spurning,
Stands trembling before the White Throne.

To him is that secret mysterious unravelled,
Which none during life have acquired ;
To that region his spirit unfettered has travelled,
To which mortals in vain have aspired.

Calcutta, 1843.



*ON THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF THE MARQUESS
WELLESLEY AND PROVOST GOODALL
BEING BOTH BURIED IN ETON CHAPEL.*

IN Eton's choir, 'neath Windsor's lordly steep,
Now side by side two ancient Heroes sleep :
Here blossomed first their faculties of mind,
And the first laurels round their temples twined :
Here both in early youth achieved a name,
A precious earnest of their dawning fame :
And when Death crowned and closed their bright career,
In their last slumber both lie mouldering here :
But mark how different was their course to steer.

When Eton's sons upon their festive day,
In joyful bands their annual homage pay,
Is there no loved, no well-remembered, face,
Which has so long, so well, adorned this place,
For whom in vain now rolls th' inquiring eye,
And feels in all a blank, we know not why ?
One spirit has to happier regions fled :
One sun is set : one general friend is dead.

MARQUESS WELLESLEY AND PROVOST GOODALL.

With winning manners, affable, and kind,
With cheerful face, the portrait of the mind,
With stately dignity, and polished ease :
The smile that captivates, the lips that please ;
The mildness, that from true devotion springs ;
The friend of Statesmen, and the guest of Kings.
And well he knew his state at times t' unbend,
And show himself the Father, and the Friend :
Scenes to recall, and characters gone by,
And find delight in Boyhood's laughing eye.
Fled is that spirit : round his honoured urn
A common friend the young, the old, must mourn :
A light that still burnt brightly to the last,
A link that joined the Present to the Past.
Happy, thrice happy, whom all years could please,
Whose life flowed on in calm, and honoured ease :
A Father's fondness who to Eton showed,
His earliest hopes, and latest cares bestowed,
To watch the trembling fire of Genius gleam,
And guide young spirits to the hallowed stream.
In this arena every prize he won :
Here shone his rising, and his setting sun.
The same loved scenes in youth, in age, he trod,
Whence his exulting spirit fled to God.
The tears, which fall around his honoured grave,
From dull oblivion still his name will save :
Still will our children from us learn to praise
The good old Provost in their Fathers' days.

Far heavier cares the other's thoughts engage,
And proudly write his name in History's page :

'T was his to stem the tide of Faction's jar,
And cope with Monarchs in the Art of War,
Offended Nature's outrage to atone,
And dash down Tyrants from their despot throne;
By prudent haste anticipate the blow,
And lay the Traitor, and Deceiver, low.
At length, his measures crossed, his counsels spurned,
The great Proconsul to his home returned;
With studied meekness, yet unflinching pride,
The Dictatorial wreath he laid aside,
And, holding to his classic precepts fast,
In his own Virtue he reposed at last.
In knowledge sure, in cautious plannings strong,
He dared the foe their rancour to prolong:
Unmoved by envious spite, or factious rage,
He left his Virtues to a future age,
And lived to see unerring Time unfold
What his prophetic visions had foretold:
He lived to see, ere yet his life had closed,
Those schemes worked out his Wisdom had proposed:
He lived to see all factious Envy past,
His endless merits recognized at last,
While Statesmen, Heroes, glorying in his fame,
With India's might identify his name.

'T was his the nascent Genius to descry
Of England's Hero with prophetic eye,
And with that Brother nobly to sustain
His country's Honour on the plains of Spain.
Still, in his pride his Memory ne'er forgot
Of classic lore one well-remembered spot,

And still shone forth t' illume his closing hour
Some spark well worthy of his dawning power.
Still he loved deftly, and with youthful fire,
To strike (and who so well ?) the classic lyre :
Still strayed he, far discordant though the theme,
From Jordan's bank to Thames' sedgy stream :
By cares, by Fortune's stormy surges, cast,
In Eton's bosom he reposed at last.

Thus sleep these ancient Heroes : ye, who tread
Within the precincts of the hallowed dead
In youth and vigour ; ye, whose hearts beat high
With opening bursts of Immortality,
If 't is your fate in distant climes to roam,
And change an English for an Indian home,
Dwell on the Wisdom, energy, combined
Which formed the staple of a Wellesley's mind.
And if (ah, happier lot !) thy peaceful hours
Are doomed to glide away midst Eton's bowers,
If to your talents kinder Fate decrees
A life of classic lore, and learned ease, .
If lie your hopes in this contracted sphere,
Seek your instructor, and your model, here.
From vain Ambition, empty passion, free,
Learn to be good, and wise, and kind, as he,
Whose social worth with moral graces blend,
The accomplished Scholar, and the steady Friend.

Calcutta, 1844.

ON THE MEDICI VASE. (A FRAGMENT.)

SUCH grief alone a parent's breast can swell
When his first dearest (though the rest are dear)
Sinks, scarcely budding in an early bier :
Soul-crushing agony, and frenzied mind,
That cares for naught of all, that's left behind,
But, in one much-loved object centred, knows
No joys on earth *without*, and *with* no woes.

* * * *

'T was this the sculptor saw : he saw full well,
What Art could ne'er express, nor Canvas tell :
His Genius taught him, that a garb of woe,
By seeming to conceal, the more would show.

Ambala, North India, 1844.

LINES TO MY FATHER.

AURUM militiae Musarum adjungere palmis,
Quas puer arripui, si mihi contigerit :
Sique meis unquam Fortuna arriserit actis,
Sit mea laetitia, et sit decus omne tuum.

If to my share has come this meed of praise,
To twine one laurel midst my youthful bays,
If on my pathway Fortune's favours shine,
Thine be the honour, and the joy be mine.

Battlefield of Sobraon, India, 1846.

*TRANSLATION OF "EARTH WALKETH ON
EARTH."*

TERRA premit terram gemmis auroque superba :
Terra redit terram, spe citiorque suâ :
Terra super terram turres et moenia condit :
Telluri tellus "Omnia nostra" vocat.

India, 1848.

*DISTICH ON A PAINTED WINDOW PRESENTED
TO MANTHORPE CHURCH IN LINCOLN-
SHIRE.*

FXUL in externis oris, arma inter et hostes,
Hoc pignus fidei devovet esse suae.

Midst arms and war, far, far from home and friends,
This tribute of his Faith an exile sends.

India, 1849.

*LINES ENGRAVED ON A SILVER-MOUNTED
STAFF CUT AT SIMLA, AND THE COM-
PANION OF MY TRAVELS, PRESENTED
TO MY FATHER.*

INDICA me genuit spissis Himalaia silvis :
Transi Punjâbi flumina quinque soli :
Cashmîri novi, Peshorique, ultima regna :
Quae colit Aegyptus, quae loca dives Arabs :
Nunc adsum prope te : tua nunc vestigia servo,
Praesidium dextrae, crede, fidele tuae.

Cockayne Hatley, 1851.

*A PICTURE IN A GALLERY AT PARIS
REPRESENTING "DAY, AND THE HOURS,
IN A VESSEL."*

DAY, mournful day, we've borne thee over,
Never, never to return :
No more joys thou can'st discover,
No more hearts with frenzy burn :
Joy or sorrow
May come to-morrow,
But will not injure thee !
We thy hours
Have lost our powers,
T'obey thy high decree.

Day, mournful day, o'er many a parting
Have thy glorious sunbeams shone.
Many a dearest heart-strings starting
Thou hast seen, and smiled upon ;
Many a wretch, for death long pining,
Many a youth in glorious morn,
Many a soft heart unrepining,
Many a babe but newly-born :
Many a prayer has thy breeze wafted,
Many an unrelenting curse :
Many a fresh hope has engrafted,
And many a sorrow rendered worse :
How many a wretch, on whom stern Fortune lowers,
Will date his misery from thy sad hours !

Cockayne Hatley, 1851.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH SONG.

WHAT you talk of hairs so grey,
Let the swift years pass away, .
 What matters that to thee ?
Cupid blooms a youth for ever :
Fond true hearts cease loving never :
 From age the Grace is free.

For me I still am in my prime,
Or seem to be, at that blest time
 I thee, my Love, adore :
For had I eighteen years alone,
A longer love I might have shown,
 Yet could not love thee more.

Paris, 1851.



A FATAL MISTAKE.

HE saw—'t was but a glimpse :
Alas ! what saw he there ?
To him, a glimpse of misery ;
To her, of deep despair.

Moment for ever pregnant
With sharp and jealous fears ;
Moment, that could dis sever
The constancy of years.

Oh ! that some pitying Angel
Had hid the light of day,
Or, e'er those eyes encountered,
Had closed his visual ray !

'T was but one faintest whisper,
'T was but one meaning glance :
Such whispers breathe for ever ;
Such looks Souls entrance.

Not for her wealth he sought her,
Not for her lands he sued :
With faithful love he bought her ;
Her own sweet self he wooed.

And that his only treasure,
And that his only care,
Shall another bear off from him,
Or worse ! another share !

A FATAL MISTAKE.

Now had that idol fallen
Down, down from its throne,
And now th' unselfish love of years
Is gone, for ever gone.

And she, how can she meet
That sad, reproachful gaze,
Recalling all his merits,
And past, past happy days ?

No thought had she to sully
His pure, unspotted name ;
No dream had she to nourish
Ought of unhallowed flame.

'T was but the curse primeval,
That tempted Eve to sin,
And stirred the fatal gift
Of Vanity within.

'T was that, while every beauty
His homage could obtain,
Alone she could not brook
Unnoticed to remain.

Thus Souls, which God united,
Whom Death alone should sever,
Took their last sad Farewell,
And parted thus for ever.

*Written at a Theatre, London,
December, 1851.*

*LINES ENTERED ON THE LAST PAGE OF
THE STRANGERS' BOOK AT THE CONVENT
OF MOUNT CARMEL, PALESTINE.*

BEATE, Musâ quâ referam tuas
Carméle, laudes, quô Deus integrum
In monte nomen vindicavit,
Audieratque preces Eliae.

Multas per oras, multa per aequora,
Labore vitae fessus, et ordine
Vexatus eterno dierum,
Hic tamen inveniam quietem.

Hâc arce raucum prospiciam mare,
Vallesque clausas montibus: hic meae
Ponentur aedes: hic tacenti
Reliquiae jaceant sepulcro.

Mount Carmel, Palestine, Feb. 23, 1852.

THE DREAM AT BETHEL. IN PALESTINE,

APRIL 15, 1852.



S I slept at Bethel,
I dreamt of Jacob's dream :
Still realized the visions
To my dull senses seen.

Heaven's bright door is opened,
And Angel-hosts appear,
Ascending and descending
Through the transparent air ;

But all those beauteous Angels
One visage seemed to wear :
One face I recognize
In every Angel there.

I prayed, oh ! God forgive me,
In wickedness of heart,
Those Angel-steps to tarry,
And from me never part.

They lovingly, but sadly,
Fulfilled their purpose given,
Cast one deep meaning smile,
And mounted back to Heaven.

THE DREAM AT BETHEL.

Soon—soon the heavy tidings,
From distant regions sped,
Fell o'er me, and I heard :
My Angel ; she was dead.

How often, oh how often
Midst friends, in lonely pain,
Will that one blessed vision,
Come back to me again !

Bandras, 1852.



TRANSLATION OF
THACKERAY'S "WHAT THOUGH I ENTER
NOT."

ILLIUS expectans, oculis in limine fixis,
 Haud intrare volens, cogor adire fores.
Urbis per medios strepitus, hominumque tumultus,
 Campanae spissis vox sonat alta viis.
Jamque silet perfuncta : hominum vox incipit intra
 Audiri resonans : jam venit illa—venit :
Illa venit tandem, celeri pede cursitat illa :
 Cursitat excussâ nostra puella morâ.
Luminibus graditur terrâ confixa pudendis :
 Venit—adest : portam (sit benedicta) subit.
Sancta, genu flectas nullo confusa tumultu,
 Rite, piè, fundas vota precesque Deo.
Non intrabo Ego, nè divino in munere turbam
 Pura tua humanâ pectora amicitîâ.
At liceat circum vetitos errare recessus,
 Atque horam sanctâ carpere sede brevem,
Agmina sic spectant, Paradiso exclusa beato,
 Angelicos intra limina clausa choros.

*On an elephant in Banda District, India, during
my morning march before sunrise, 1853.*

THE FACTORIES.



ye wheels, turning wheels !
My sickening brain reels
 With your weary motion :
Midst racket and din,
My heart beats within
 In angry commotion.

Extra hours, extra hours,
Taxed beyond our powers,
 Our faculties languish.
Was thus our lot fated ?
Was mankind created
 Only for anguish ?

Wearers, ye do not think
How to misery's brink
 Like sheep we are driven.
O lady, do not start !
From fibres of my heart
 Is your shawl woven.

My poor wife lies dying,
On Jesus relying :
 I cannot believe her.
His blood has not laved,
His Cross has not saved,
 The Factory-weaver.

THE FACTORIES.

My children stand crying,
And seem to be dying
 Midst bales of white cotton :
Begrimed with black dirt,
Without shoes, without shirt :
 Why were they begotten ?

Chains, wheels, madly rattling,
Rods, cylinders battling
 With piston upheaving :
Pale faces assembling,
Tiny fingers trembling,
 Little hearts grieving.

Thus every morning
Before the sun's dawning
 Great England grows greater :
Is not this worse
Than black Slavery's curse
 On the Equator ?

Banda, North India, 1853.

Written on my elephant in my morning march.



LOVE ON.

LOVE on ! love on ! true Love can never die :
The fading forms may leave this grovelling earth ;
'T is but to meet again beyond the sky
In that pure clime, where Love first had its birth.
Love on ! love on !

Love on ! love on ! true Love will ne'er grow strange :
The eye may dim ; the hair may turn to grey ;
But the true heart will beat, and know no change,
As it beat fondly in youth's opening day.
Love on ! love on !

Love on ! love on ! in past and present hours
One only boon by God to mortals given,
To strew the thorny track of life with flowers,
And to the living ope a glimpse of Heaven.
Love on ! love on !

Banda, Nov. 1854.



ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO LONGFELLOW'S
"EXCELSIOR."

SO in the rugged paths of life
The brave man nerves himself for strife :
He upwards turns the dauntless eye :
From heart and lip bursts forth the cry,
Excelsior !

In vain old age suggests alarms ;
In vain Love spreads her fleeting charms :
The vulgar may his course deride,
But nought can stay his onward stride :
Excelsior !

Speed, noble youth, 'with dauntless will ;
Still higher soaring, higher still ;
Fame's golden ladder tread upon :
Lives may be lost, but names are won :
Excelsior !

London, May, 1855.

— — — — —

TRANSLATION OF LINES FROM GOETHE'S
ELEGIACS, "UEBERFALL IHN DER SCHLAF."

GENTLY came sleep over her: I lay, and thought
to myself.

Oftentimes clasped in her arms, harmonious verse I have
muttered,

And the Hexameter's rhythm softly with time-keeping
hand

On her sweet shoulders I've counted : so gently she
breathed in her slumbers,

With her warm breath thrilling through into my inner-
most breast.

Cloisters, Windsor, 1856.

HOW LONG, O LORD! HOW LONG!

AS through Amritsar's streets I hie,
I mark each scene with curious eye,
Each ancient temple, glittering shrine,
With hosts of devotees, that line
The Ghats, and hideous stones revere
Month after month, year after year.
The Brahman lords in this abode,
And boasting asks: "Where is thy God?"

Sickened, I turned away, for years,
Years have crept on in hopes and fears;
Toil, thankless toil, wears out my day,
And thoughts that drive my sleep away.
But hark! how through the evening air
Floats up a deep melodious prayer;
And as I pass the Moslems, they
Ask me in scorn: "Do Christians pray?"


Hear Thou my cry, O God of Hosts;
Avenge me those unfeeling boasts:
Thou dwellest not in shrines of stone:
The Earth Thy footstool, and the Heaven Thy Throne.
No homage dost Thou need from grovelling man,
Prayer cannot influence Thy eternal plan.
Tells out Thy glory Nature everywhere,
And breathes to Thee one never-ceasing prayer.
If in one shrine Thou condescends to dwell,
'T is in the heart of those, who love Thee well,
Have understood Thy Word, and fearless stand
To preach Thy Gospel in this darkened land.

Amritsar, North India, May 15, 1859.

“WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?”

(Tennyson.)

TRANSLATED FOR MY CHILDREN INTO URDU.

 HHOTA chiriya kya chaláta,
Uske ghar par jab din ata ?
Chiriya apne ma ko bakta,
“ Bhagne chahta, uthne sakta.”
Baitho chiriya, aram kar,
Ta zor pakre chhota par :
Jab paran zor pakarenge,
Ham uth-bhagne tujhko denge.

Chhota baba kya chaláta
Jab nind karke jág utháta ?
Jaisa chiriya baba bakta,
Kis taur ma se uth-bhag sakta :
Nindi karo, baba mera,
Ta zor pakre badan tera,
Jab zor badan pakarege
Tab uth-bhagne tum sakége.

Lahór, Feb. 24 1860.

THE BURKUNDAZ'S DREAM.

*(An original Poem from which Campbell, the Poet, borrowed
the idea of "The Soldier's Dream.")*

THE ghanta bhajoud : the patrol it turned out,
And the constable turned up his nose to the sky ;
Some poor Burkundazes went skulking about,
The young ones to steal, and the old ones to die.

One poor broken devil, in his cold wretched hut,
Dreamt a dream, as he curled his old bones on the straw ;
He forgot, that his name had been cruelly cut,
And this was the beautiful vision he saw :

He flew to the Thannah, where in life's early prime
He had cooked his chapáti, and fingered his pay ;
He heard all the chókídars calling the time,
And saw all the búnyas snoring away.

They pledged him the hukah, and fondly he swore
From his thannah and round-gasht never to part ;
The búnyas they kissed him a thousand times o'er,
The Cotwál wept aloud in the fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us, rest : for sore are your poor feet" ;
And he would have stopped for a smoke, and a talk :
But a constable trim came round on his beat,
And bade this poor old ex-official to walk.

*On the introduction of the new Police System.
Lahór, 1860.*

“ *TRISTIA.* ”

PROSPECTAT quà mons humiles Himalaiia campos,
Continet ah ! gazas angulus ille meas,
In mundo nihil est toto mihi gratius illo :
Dulcior est dulci conjuge nulla meâ.
Ah ! quid opes prosint ! Ah ! quid tetigisse superbae
Culmina Fortunae, si mihi desit amor !
Multae nocte preces, multa ah ! suspiria, multae
Illic conveniunt spes, et inanis amor.
Ite procul Fastus, Fascisque, et vana Potestas :
Ite procul Laurus, et laqueata domus.
Da mihi secretae jucunda oblivia vitae :
Da mihi tranquillum non sine amore domum.
Inscia gaudet equis, canibusque, et laude, juvenus,
Venturumque sibi pingit inane decus.
Uxor amata, et amans, mihi sit, mitisque senectus :
Hoc est in votis : cetera mitte Deo.
Ast ubi me in montes fumosâ ex urbe recepi,
Atque indefessi taedium inane fori,
Succurrunt animo juvenilis gaudia vitae,
Et Musa antiquum dat rediviva melos.
Ante oculos mihi nunc dulcissima surgit imago :
Invideant reges, queisque negatur amor.
Inter fila uxor cantatque, oratque, fidelis,
Inque animo absentis surgit imago mei.

" TRISTIA."

Dormi blanda tuis, mea nata Albinia, cunis :
Dormi materno tu, Peregrine, sinu !
Cura tui mea corda premit per amara dierum,
Et vigilat totâ nocte paternus amor.
Illa preces mecum fundat, mecumque recumbat ;
Ejus amata sonet vox redeunte die :
Illius os tenerum, quasi sol, mihi surgat amandum,
Et dulcis dulcem suggerat aura diem.

*Lahôr, far away in solitude, with my family
in the Himalâya, June, 1860.*



TO MARIE (WITH A PHOTOGRAPH).

NOW that my youth has vanished,
And my eighth lustrum flown,
How shall in faithful likeness
My outer man be known ?

Not as of old exhausting
Thoughts, schemes of every hue,
In disinterring something old,
Or framing something new.

Not midst my subject thousands
In my adopted land,
Dispensing even justice there
With firm, unswerving hand.

Not looking down on other men
With lofty, musing brow :
Such might perhaps in former days,
Such does not suit me now.

Oh ! take me as I'm standing
With thee, my joy, my pride ;
On my arms sits my baby,
My daughter by my side.

TO MARIE.

Each line upon my forehead
Now tells of wasting care ;
Age shows itself in stooping back,
Sunk cheeks, and grizzly hair.

With mien resigned and humble,
All my old firmness gone :
Let me fulfil my mission,
And let Thy will be done.

Calcutta, December 12, 1860, on the eve of parting.





"For you and my sweet babes I pray."

TO MARIE.

I SAW you in my dreams last night,
As in our Indian home
We talked 'neath twilight's flickering light
Of sorrows soon to come.
You fondly placed your hand in mine :
“ Dear Husband, do not mourn ;
“ Though seas divide us, I am thine,
“ And soon I will return.”

I've tried my wandering thoughts to guide,
And dream that dream again :
Could I e'en dreaming by my side
See your sweet face again !
But never from that hour till now
That vision I have seen,
For Angel-visits here below
Are few and far between.

Yet still, beloved, when down I lay
My weary head to sleep,
For you and my sweet babes I pray,
And bless you on the deep.
Without you, profitless and vain
Honour and Fame to me :
My home is dark, till you again
Come back across the sea.

Lahór, Jan. 1861.

LES HIRONDELLES. (Beranger.)

(A FRAGMENT.)

Attempted Translation into Urdu.

* * * *



ERA ghar ko shayad dekha :
Mera watan ko yad kurti nahin ?

Ek do shayad apni ghar
Meri chat ke nichii banaii :
Wahan shayad dekka hui
Meri bechari mai.

* * * *

Sunti, sunti, aur tab roti :
Uski prem ki yad karti nahin ?

Meri bahan ki shadi hui ?
Ap ne dekhi meri bhaini
Barát ke liyi jama hui,
Aur natch, aur bhaj-bhaji :
Jawan log bad larai
Apne gaun per wapis aii,

* * * *

Dost log ki yad kurti nahin ?

Lahór, 1861.

*ON MY FATHER'S DEATH IN WINDSOR
CLOISTERS.*

FROM the Chapel, from the Terrace,
Trace of us is swept away :
No more can we call Windsor ours :
We have lived our little day.

No more from the lofty window
Shall we gaze upon that scene ;
And the only consolation
Is to think of what has been.

Boyhood's smiles and manhood's gladness
Rise before me through my tears :
Home-returnings and school-goings
Tinge the scene of former years.

Long as flows the stately River,
Long as Eton's well-known chime
Vibrates over lea and meadow,
We shall bless that happy time,

When we flew up in boyhood's morn
To our home so perched on high,
To kiss his cheek, and in his smile
Share his ready sympathy.

ON MY FATHER'S DEATH.

Twice has been blest my heart's desire ;
Twice have my dreams come strangely true :
In age I've to the home returned,
Whence my youthful footsteps flew.

We leave in that dismantled home,
Unrealized behind,
The kindly heart, the judgment fine,
The thoughtful, prudent mind.

Though friends spring up in weal and woe,
Time to us can never send
So fondly loving one as him,
Our first and earliest friend.

*Lahór, July, 1861, on receiving the sad tidings
of my Father's death, æt. 81.*



TO MARIE,

On the Fifth Anniversary of her Wedding-day.

FIVE years ago this day, dear wife,
Thou gav'st thyself to me,
But more than ten years of my life
I've loved thee—only thee.

Forgive my crime, if forth I went
Alone across the sea,
And made no sign, no message sent,
To bind thy troth to me.

Thou knewest in thy inmost soul,
That thou wast made for me :
The magnet was in thy control,
That drew me back to thee.

If I delayed to claim thy hand,
If, snared by worldly pride,
I could find joy in any land,
But seated at thy side,

Think of the penance I now pay,
Think of my sighs, and tears,
The cheerless nights, the lonely days,
Through two long weary years.

TO MARIE.

If o'er my sad and darkened home
Be shed one ray of light ;
If back returning thou should'st come
Again to bless my sight,


Let us all worldly cares forego
United to remain,
For life, for death, for weal, for woe,
And never part again.

SHE CAME : WE MET : SHE DIED.

*Lahór, in my solitary home,
May 10, 1861.*



MARIE'S RETURN.

NCE more the home-returning dove,
Emblem of happiness and love,
An angel sent me from above,
Comes o'er the Ocean :
For one glance from her loving eyes,
Rejoicing I would sacrifice
All that ambitious hearts most prize,
Rank and promotion.

My busy servants flit about :
From chests forgotten things come out :
I hear one to the other shout,

“ Our Lady 's coming.”

The empty cot is furnished too
With mattresses and pillows new,
And soon in it my eyes will view
My baby humming.

Come forth from your hidden place,
Books, escritoire, and music-case,
And other signs of female grace,
Where she did store them :
They have lain hid one weary year :
Ah ! woe is me, for many a tear
This widowed heart has lavished here
Foolishly o'er them.

MARIE'S RETURN.

Soon will my cold dismantled room
The aspect warm of Home resume ;
Fresh flowers will on my table bloom ;
The fire burn cheery :
For her is decked the nuptial bed ;
New carpets for her feet are spread ;
I kiss the place, where soon will tread
My dearest deary.

If o'er my polished Indian floor
My little fairy girl no more
Will flutter to the open door,
When she descries me :
Be patient, struggling heart, and wait ;
Leave to your God to rule your fate :
Mourn not, if midst of blessings great
This is denied thee.

Lahór, December, 1861.



NIGHT-WATCHES IN INDIA.

LITTLE baby wakes up screaming :
To my ear the warning comes :
Something frightens in his dreamings,
Something worries in his gums.

I, from Indian couch upspringing,
Lift him from his little bed :
In low cadence gently singing
Soothe his spirit, stroke his head.

He, with half-oped eyelid peeping,
Seems to know his father's arms :
Sleep comes o'er him, gently steeping
All his troubles and alarms.

Up and down the chamber pacing,
As the clock tolls out the hour,
All my wayward life retracing,
Conscience vindicates its power.

In the fire of passion burning,
Smarting 'neath some secret wound,
How often to thy Father turning
Thou hast consolation found !

NIGHT-WATCHES IN INDIA.

Midst the worry and the anguish,
That prevail beneath the sun,
When the heart's affections languish,
When life's sands are nearly run,


Turn thee to thy great Creator ;
Let His everlasting arms
Rock thee to the sleep of Nature,
Heedless of the world's alarms.

Thou art helpless as thy baby :
From his weakness learn you must
In life's battle, come what may be,
God thy Father's love to trust.

Lahôr, June 1, 1862.



*LINES WRITTEN DURING THE BIRTH OF
MY FOURTH CHILD.*

 HILD of the clay ! what hast thou to inherit ?
Short days, short years, or perhaps short hours, thy
span :

Thou art not fitting mansion for the spirit :
Thou scarcely dar'st to cry out, " I am man."

Child of the Spirit ! what can bring thee hither ?
Too narrow is the space, the house too vile :
Thy heavenly essence was not made to wither,
But bloom unchanging 'neath thy Father's smile.

Child of the clay and Spirit ! thou art blending
Flame of the heavenly fire with grovelling earth :
Thy spirit tells of Him, who thee is sending ;
Thy clay reminds us of thy mortal birth.

Dalhousie, in the Himalaya, September 30, 1862.



*LINES WRITTEN DURING THE BIRTH OF
MY FOURTH CHILD.*

FORTH from thy living tomb
 Into the light of day,
Forth from thy mother's womb
 Come forth, thou child of clay!

Pain, agony, and woe,
 Cries, wailing, nakedness,
Attend thee here below :
 Thou art not portionless.

If for few years, forsooth,
 Thou canst maintain thy life,
If sickness spare thy youth,
 If thou outliv'st the strife,

Thou wilt again lie low
 In Nature's last distress :
Pain, agony, and woe,
 Cries, wailing, nakedness.

Dalhousie, in the Himaláya, September 30, 1862.

LORD, SAVE ME!

"O thou of little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"



PETER, wherefore did you doubt,
When His loved voice said "Come"?
What of the storm, that raged about?
What of the boisterous foam?

What of the seething hell, that gapes,
To swallow in its prey?
What of the hundred varying shapes
Of sorrow and dismay?

"Come, Peter, come!" Lord, give me Grace
To hear, and to obey;
In weal or woe, in life or death,
Show me the narrow way.

Faith in Lord Jesus, that He died
To save us from our sins,
Not only saved, but purified
Our secret thoughts within.

Our pride, our talents, and our state,
Our cares, our joys, our love,
All we must sacrifice, and wait,
Hearts fixed on Heaven above.

Dalhousie, in the Himaláya, 1862.

*LINES WRITTEN ON THE ROAD FROM
DALHOUSIE TO LAHÓR.*

WE went up three in sixty-two,
And are returning four :
To His name praise from us is due,
Who has increased our store.

And if next year we go up four,
And come down only three,
Though parents' hearts may bleed full sore,
His name still praised be !

*Lord ! Thy ways are not our ways : we knew not what
Thou hadst in store for us : Thy holy will be done.*

Lahór, October 29, 1862.


*ACROSTIC ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MY
ELDEST CHILD.*

A lba, my first-born, darling of my heart,
L ife's choicest blessing fence in thy abode ;
B e thine to choose in youth the better part,
A nd all thy will surrender up to God.

L earn in thy childhood all thy cares to bring
U nto thy Saviour, and to bear His Cross ;
C ontented at His feet thy All to fling,
Y et hoping future gain in present loss.

Dalhousie, in the Himaláya, October 18, 1863.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE RAILWAY TRAIN
ON OUR LAST JOURNEY TO DALHOUSIE.

HOU knowest, Lord, each day I try
With Thee to live, with Thee to die :
In doing and in suffering, I
Seek Thee, O Lord, to glorify.
But still each day the fiend within
Calls forth some secret bosom-sin :
Thy precious Gospel I forget :
With pride I swell, with care I fret.
But, when at eventide alone
I humbly kneel before Thy throne,
How do my sins beyond control
Like arrows stick into my Soul !
Lost talents, high resolves brought low,
Nothing but filthy rags to show :
Than me no heavier sinner could
Appropriate his Saviour's blood.
Then, sinking to the dust, I pray :
“ Forgive the sins of one more day ! ”
Then, by the Spirit taught, I see,
That Jesus died for such as me,
And growing bolder I confess,
That Christ is made my Righteousness :
And when I see Thy gracious Face,
I know that I am saved by Grace.

My dear wife sate by my side, and told me that she saw my lips moving, but she never read the lines. In a few months the furnace was heated, and the apparent gold was found to be filthy dross. It is from the Lord. His holy will be done.

Panjāb, Lahōr Division, June 2, 1863.

IN MEMORIAM. I.

(On board the "Ripon" steamer leaving India for England.)

* * * *

BUT when the children were like rosebuds sleeping,
Safe in their cots rocked by the moaning sea,
To him came hours of solitary weeping
Through the night watch of lonely misery.

With throbs of Meeting-Hope or Parting-Sorrow,
Round him were those, whose hearts alternate play :
Some planning meetings on a glad to-morrow,
Some mourning loved ones parted yesterday.

Flutter in morning of their youth and gladness,
Like butterflies, the youth and maiden gay :
Sitting in gloom of their despondent sadness
Fond wives think of their husbands far away.

He thinks of his lost darling calmly sleeping
Beneath the citadel of proud Lahore,
Wishing that he were there his vigil keeping,
Or slumbering by her side to wake no more.

Sad memories, forgotten scenes revealing,
With one sole picture now his bosom move :
The little girl, who to his side came stealing,
Gave him her heart, and blessed him with her love.

Serious and solemn from his boyhood growing,
Serious and solemn to his grave he goes :
O'er few short years its garland Love was throwing :
Still of dead roses Love the odour throws.

March, 1864.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO MRS. BARRETT
BROWNING'S "DE PROFUNDIS."

THE little hand, that used to twine
So fondly, faithfully in mine,
In sympathetic grief, or gay
Light-heartedness, is turned to clay ;
And yet my days go on, go on.

The cheek that blushed with honest pride
As she sate talking by my side,
To soothe my weary cares away,
Moulders in premature decay ;
And yet my days go on, go on.

The neck, round which my babies clung,
To which the golden locket hung,
Wherewith their fingers used to play,
As on their mother's breast they lay,
Is—yet my days go on, go on.

The dark-brown hair, that used to spread
In graceful plaits round that fair head,
Now wrapped in folds of silk appears
Blistered with unavailing tears ;
And yet my days go on, go on.

Langdown, Hants, August, 1864.

Cheer up, despondent heart, and pray
To do God's blessed work each day :
For sweetest things the common lot
Is early death : so murmur not !
And let your days go on, go on.

London, June, 1877.

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

HOW sweet from some sequestered quiet glen
To watch the toil of busy struggling men !
How sweet, on some tall headland seated high,
The storm-caught labourings of ships to spy :
Some pressing forward, and some left behind,
Sport of a changing and capricious wind !
Not that to generous minds it sweet can be,
The toil and grief of fellow-men to see ;
But it is ever sweet to mortal breast
To see commotion, and to be at rest.
Thus, having crossed Affliction's bitter flood,
And in Life's furnace bitter moments stood,
After God's chastisement has had its day,
And of the conflict all trace swept away,
'T is sadly sweet in memory to recall
Scenes, which to all of us in turn befall.
'Neath kindly suns and soft refreshing rain,
The stricken oak may perhaps look green again ;
But the dead branches, and the blacken'd scar,
Proclaim the force of elemental war.
Like all things mortal, sorrow must give o'er,
But leaves us not the same we were before ;
The crabbèd temper or dejected mien
Mark where the fury of the storm has been.

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

O ye who stand upon the other side
Of the dark stream, which joy and grief divide,
Stand, where I stood a few short years ago.
Untaught in sorrow, ignorant of woe,
A brother's misery who lightly touch,
And think he mourns his lost one overmuch,
Wait till your trial comes, for come it will,
Then meekly bow, God's purpose to fulfil.
They do not err who say, that it is best
Closer to walk with God, on God to rest ;
To give to God an undivided heart,
Ready to stay below, or to depart,
His gracious gifts to take or to resign :
Such is *his* moral, who now pens this line.

Far in that Orient land, whose annals show
The price paid yearly of domestic woe ;
Where many a blooming wife and mother lie,
Who left their native country but to die ;
Where many a youth of promise, wise and brave,
Fills an untimely and an unknown grave ;
In that sad climate, where none stay, who can
Shake off the dust behind them, lived a man :
He weighty cares in earliest youth had known ;
Had lived apart, yet never felt alone :
Around his head scholastic laurels twined ;
With health and talents industry combined :
In draughts of classic lore he quenched his thirst,
Amidst his fellows striving to be first.
A loving father launched with honest pride
This hopeful vessel on Life's giddy tide :

For him with wings outspread kind angels cared ;
When hundreds fell around him, he was spared.
And, when the peril of the war was past,
In a new kingdom was his fortune cast :
'T was his the treasure of new climes t' explore ;
Of a new mine to delve the virgin ore :
Free and unshackled, he learnt there and then
The noble trade of ruling subject men :
Still young, he promise gave of future fame ;
Midst men and statesmen he had made a name.
When homewards he returned, on British ground,
His parents living, loving still, he found :
The bounteous hand of God reserved for him,
To fill his cup of Life's joy to the brim,
A fond and loving wife ; her love confessed,
All previous blessings were now doubly blessed.
But midst his joys the news came echoing far
Of India's troubles and intestine war ;
He to his duty went, and left his wife
Safe from the danger and the murderous strife ;
And, when the storm calmed down, he saw her come
Safe with her baby to his Indian home.
While he for wealth, and fame, and station, toiled,
She with her children in his garden smiled,
Shared all his cares, and kissed his aching brow,
And made for him an earthly heaven below.
She shared his wanderings, wheresoe'er he went.
In the green glade they pitched their snow-white tent ;
O'er them the songs of forest warblers sound,
The grand mysterious jungle blooms around ;
In those deep aisles their Sabbath-thanks are given,
No fretted roof keeps back their prayers from Heaven.

To him the villagers their homage send,
And hail his coming as an ancient friend.
But when the burning sun and tropic rains
Drive the poor pallid children from the plains,
He sends his loved ones to a place of rest
In Dhurumsála's cool sequestered nest.
He at Lahór remains, till one sad day
The news came flashing to him : "Haste away,
Thy child is dying." Quick as thought he flew,
Nor night nor day the slackened rein he drew,
Till by his wife he stood in loving care,
Her nursing, or her sorrowing, to share.
God spared that child : that tender plant to save,
The parents tenderly and sadly gave
All that they valued most, and in despair
The father saw his home fade into air ;
And, all his fondest expectations gone,
Had once again to learn to live alone.

Down his lone garden his sad footsteps tread,
Musing on friends now gone, and days now fled ;
While to the heavens turn his grateful eye
For many a blessing, many a joy gone by ;
And when at eve his wandering gaze he throws
On the far range of Himaláyan snows,
Watching the fleecy clouds, which gathering rest
Upon the haughty snow-encircled crest,
How oft did memory with unfettered wing
Back to his mind his wife and babies bring !
To the lone heart, o'ercharged with heavy woes,
Nature sometimes mute sympathy bestows ;

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

Brings, as the fresh winds through the pine-groves sweep,
Thoughts of his loved one tossing on the deep.
And as he gazed upon the beauteous scene
Of hanging woods and cliffs embowered in green,
The distant heights of Himaláyan snows,
Through which in sounding course the Satlaj flows,
His liberated thoughts would oft repair
To his lost home, and linger fondly there :
In one lone grot, imbedded in the hill,
By the tall pine, and near the sparkling rill,
There for a while with sense entranced he stood,
To drink the whisper of the murmuring wood ;
Perchance his eye on one sweet spot would rest,
To him the fabled Island of the Blest,
Where with his chosen life-companion yet
He might dwell happy, and the world forget ;
For 't is a lonesome, weary, task to roam
Far from the sacred ties of friend and home.
And let the rich deride, the proud decry,
'T is not for fortune, not for fame we sigh :
Each in his inner soul, his inmost heart,
Has secret hopes, from which he dares not part,
Hopes, that crowd round him, mingled with despair,
Of her, who once had deigned his home to share ;
Dream of his earliest youth, for which he 'd give
All the dull days that he had still to live ;
Crown of his middle-life, the blessing given
To make all else seem nought, and lift up earth to heaven.

The tedious months at length their orbit run ;
To Winter Spring succeeds, to shadow sun ;

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

And as he sate in his deserted home
The news came flashing northwards, "She is come
Safe to Bombay." He trembled as he heard
The electric telegraph click out each word ;
He knelt and closed his eyes in silent awe,
As if God's dealings manifest he saw,
And all his doubts, his dark forebodings past,
He dared to hope to see her back at last.
The prospect seemed too bright, that he should see
His plans work out in such felicity ;
He trembled, lest at the last hour some trip
Should dash the cup of pleasure from his lip ;
But forth he started, fast as steeds can tear,
But not so fast as his fond wish could bear.
On the eighth day, at sunset, on the shore,
Two steamers and two lovers met once more ;
He leapt on board with an impulsive stride,
Love led him safely, safely to her side.
As suddenly he stood before her eyes,
An unexpected angel from the skies,
Sweetest of loving wives, she rose and flung
Her arms about his neck and to him clung :
First as a wife, then as a mother smiled,
In his arms placing the wee, unknown child ;
Spoke of her absent children with a tear,
And all the doings of the long, sad year ;
For, by God's grace, they were allowed to meet
Upon the day, which made the year complete :
Sunday the ninth had seen them part in pain,
On that day year they lived to meet again.

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

In mimic triumph soon they reach Lahór,
And at their old home, as they crossed the door,
They knelt them down and thanked that Bounteous Power,
Who soothed their parting, blessed their meeting hour.
Flew on in peace their golden, happy hours,
And all their footsteps seemed to tread on flowers :
And once again the dream came sweetly true,
Kind fate to him old life seemed to renew,
For ere the Autumn passed, indulgent Heaven
Another child to his fond eyes had given :
And once again came back that blessed sight,
The cool verandah, and the chequered light
Of dancing sunbeams through the foliage green,
'Neath which her face, Madonna-like, was seen,
On one sweet infant meekly glancing down,
The other plucking at her flowing gown.
And oft they prayed together, when some blow
A neighbour's happiness laid sadly low,
That to their aid God's Grace might still be given
To bow, when need should be, to chastening Heaven.
God's ways are not our ways, and we must bow ;
Hereafter we shall know, but cannot now.

And so it happened, that at Christmas-tide
The gentle lady caught a cold, and died.
It is not part of the Almighty plan
To grant unbroken happiness to man.
Calmly she lived and calmly passed away,
And like one sleeping on Death's bed she lay,
Blessing her husband with her parting breath,
And the poor child, which caused its mother's death.



"The gentle lady caught a cold and died."



"Now from her grave, his home, he bursts away."

Tearless he gazed upon his darling there,
And crossed her hands as if in silent prayer,
And placed five buds upon her snow-white breast,
And then consigned her to her place of rest.
Now from her grave—his home—he bursts away,
At each friend's door upon his gloomy way
He stands; as each fair hostess fondly pressed
The baby orphan to her tender breast,
She tried the suffering father to console
With prayers, and nature's tears beyond control.
God in His mercy on his homeward track
Sent a fair wind, and brought him safely back;
And as his mournful load he cast aside,
He wished he could have lain down there and died.
He looked upon her home with moistened eye,
The beauteous blendings of earth, air, and sky.
Fair were they as of old, but through his tears
In all to him a sombre change appears;
Nature her cold unpitying splendour throws,
Reckless of human joys and human woes.
The gay romantic landscape seemed to wear
No sign of change save one—she was not there.
Still, where the roses to the arbour clung,
Of her sweet presence a sweet halo hung;
As down the alleys pace his steps, his ear
The music of her whispers seems to hear;
In that same room, which her sweet memories fill,
Like folded rosebuds sleep his children still.
Many the friends came round in love to try
To soothe his soul with friendly sympathy;
Many the gentle words of comfort's lore
From those, whom scarcely he had known before,
For the heartrending throbs of anguish bind
Together all conditions of mankind,

And tears, as from a sealèd fountain, flow
Of those, who loved him twenty years ago.
World-lovers had for him a pitying word ;
Those, who loved Christ, for him in prayer were heard.

It was, in sooth, a chastening sight to see
The father with his babies on his knee.
He, whose strong will could subject millions rule,
Was humbled in Affliction's humbling school :
Without a sigh saw honour, all depart,
Save the poor wish to play a nurse's part.
Some urged him to his station to return,
Shake off the thought of her, and bravely learn
A hard and stern philosophy, and try
To look on good or ill with dauntless eye ;
Some, kindly treacherous, bade him strive to rise
To new affections and to later ties :
Such was the lot of all ; her race was run ;
In him God's service was still to be done.
He heard them, but he heeded not ; his eye
And his dazed brain far distant scenes descry :
There were his little children all at play,
There was their gentle mother ; bright as day
Before his eyes those blessed regions rose,
The scenes of all his joys and all his woes.
And was his work as husband, father, done ?
It seemed impossible that she was gone,
Gone from the orbit, where she ruled supreme,
Dream of his fancy, of his praise the theme.

At length, one wiser than the rest appeared,
Whose solemn words his inmost spirit stirred,

Whose wisdom had from years and sorrow grown,
Once mated happily, but now alone.
His was the tearless, cold, and stony eye
Of those, who've seen their wife and children die,
And with them all the light of life pass by;
He knew how to console and to reprove,
For every syllable was steeped in love :
The listener started, for he almost heard
His own wife's soothing in each blessed word.
“ My friend, on you the blow has fall'n at last,
Your time of earthly happiness is past ;
To you long days of chastisement belong,
Heavier, perhaps, because delayed so long :
Forty years' long unchequered joy you've seen,
And the spoilt child of Fortune you have been :
Health, talents, honours, fortune, children, wife,
All that ennobles, all that sweetens life.
Could you surrender aught without a groan ?
Did you not think them all your own—your own ?
Forgetting that each share of earthly gain
Is lent by God to be called back again.
If aught had threatened any of your bliss,
Would you not have cried out—‘ Not this, not this ’ ?
Often you saw the cup of grief go by,
And others' sorrows often dimmed your eye ;
Yet why, while others bowed their heads to Heaven,
To you should this immunity be given ?
Your fame to slander has not been a prey,
Your hoarded savings have not flown away,
You have not shed the unavailing tear
On little children stretched on early bier :

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

No! while you held in agony your breath
God spared your firstborn from the jaws of death :
But without suffering faith cannot be tried,
And in the fire gold must be purified.
What most you prized you're called on to resign,
You oft confessed you knew it ne'er was thine :
Kneeling by her you prayed to have no will
But His: she meant it, you must mean it still.
God heard your prayers—and thus He answers prayer :
Did you but mock Him ? Know your error there.

“ And now of all humanity in scorn
You would cast off the world, and all forlorn
In some lone corner, far from human eye,
Lay yourself sadly, weakly, down to die,
Just like a child, who some pet toy has broke,
And fancies life has perished in that stroke.
Perhaps death will not come, but come there will
A day of strictest retribution still
For vain repinings, and for idle hours,
For wasted talents and neglected powers.
Life is God's boon : what did that man betide,
Who in a napkin did his talents hide,
Because he chose from duty's path to swerve,
And say he had a stern, harsh, Lord to serve ?

“ But let me strike a tenderer chord and tell,
What would she have you do ? She loved you well,
More than words told you, for her life had grown
Into your stronger life, and lost its own.

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

If now she saw you, whom she held so dear,
Shedding the ceaseless unavailing tear,
A helpless wanderer on life's busy track,
And scenes recalling, which can ne'er come back ;
Flinging away the golden, blessed, hours,
Wasting in grief the slow maturing powers,
Fighting against God's will—Aye, do not start !
He fights with God, who will not play the part,
Humbly and patiently which God assigns,
And meekly to Him all he loves resigns :
Would not that faithful, loving, bosom swell
With—grief ne'er comes where she is gone to dwell.
If God had called you first away ; if she
Had brought the little babes across the sea,
And, when that weary, weary, task was o'er,
Laid them despairing at her mother's door,
Would you have wished her lasting grief to keep ?
Must those sweet eyes of hers for ever weep ?
Would you have wished that fond heart aye to grieve,
And unavailing sighs for ever heave,
And, by a self-indulging passion led,
Forget the living to weep o'er the dead ? ”

He paused : the listener's bosom heaved with pain,
The heavy scalding tears poured down like rain,
When suddenly the good man changed his theme :
His eyes were dimmed with tears, and it would seem,
As if his chastened heart had once been tried
By some sweet thing bereaved or denied.
“ Think of the sorrow, which your friends have known,
While you to honour have serenely grown ;

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

Think of the young, the pure, the brave, the wise,
Whose death has cleared the way for you to rise ;
The patriot virtue, the undaunted zeal,
Hearts made to love, to suffer, and to feel ;
The meek self-sacrifice, the wide-opened hand,
All spilled like water on that distant land,
The fearful price of martyrdom and pain,
At which our Indian Empire we maintain.
And if you cast reproachful looks to Heaven,
When you look back on the past years—for seven
Brief years have seen your short felicity
Bloom up, and blossom, and bear fruit, and die,
How many in that time have had their day
Of joy or misery, and passed away ?
How often with your wife you talked of this
Short interval 'twixt human pain and bliss,
And in your humble prostrate daily prayer
Wondered, that God so long your home should spare ?
Why did you pray to give to God your heart,
If, when He claims it from you, back you start ?
Why did you pray to dash all idols down,
If now you hesitate at sorrow's crown ?
Why did you pray your God to glorify
By patience ? God your patient love would try.

“ But take a wider view, and see below
The amphitheatre of human woe ;
With me mount up the tower of your mind,
And thence survey the sufferings of mankind.
Think of that poor girl, whose long-suffering bed
Thy wife once visited, who now is dead ;

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

But she was stretched upon that couch of pains
Long before then, and there she still remains,
Of every human theory in scorn.

Why does she live ? oh, wherefore was she born ?

Think of the great wise moralist, whose page
Gladdens, yet saddens, each succeeding age ;
Linked many a long and tedious year with one,
Whose life still lingers, tho' the mind was gone.
Think of the poor young tender roses, who
Pine all the years of gentle girlhood through,
Unvalued and unsought, although they hold
Treasures worth more than rubies and fine gold ;
No loving hand comes near their opening bloom,
No vision realized of earthly home ;
And yet their hearts with gentle wishes burn,
And to be loving wives and mothers yearn ;
Who, when they see the cup of love pass by
To some more favoured younger sister, try,
Without the privilege their love to tell,
To crush the pangs, which in their bosom swell :
Gladly would they see home and friends depart,
Only to win another's loving heart ;
Take up their cross by some beloved one's side,
And die serenely, as thy wife has died.
But no, their lot condemns them not to roam
Beyond the bounds of passion-stifling home.

“ Think of the youths, who in a thoughtless hour
Have lost their hearts to Beauty's witching power ;
Have seen the hapless light of love go by,
And that die in them, which should never die,

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

Or only live with a dull sense of pain
Without the strength of heart to love again.
Think of the mothers, who have passed their prime
In burying children time after time.
Think of those wives, who their true faith to prove,
Have never known a faithful husband's love.
Think of the loving men, whose wives have been
Loved and adored ; who yet those wives have seen
Sink below pity : oh ! your sorrows keep ;
Pity not those, whose wives in Jesus sleep !
Think of the childless wives, whose bosoms yearn
For priceless gift of children ; whose hearts burn
With undeveloped love maternal, who
Know their lot cursed the page of history through,
Whose breasts can ne'er give suck, who ne'er shall see
Their smiling children clamber on their knee,
Or teach their little ones with wondering eyes
The home-returning sire to recognize.
Oh ! think of those, who see in mutual eye
The light of love burn out and droop and die,
And yet are doomed to drag a hateful chain,
Hoping to part and not to meet again.
Aye, think of those, who may have lived to see
Their cup of joy turn into misery ;
Whose children have lived only years to die,
To whom God's counsels health or sense deny :
Those hapless parents, who have prayed and wept
By the bedside, in which their children slept,
And yet have lived to see those babes within
Bud into madness, or bloom into sin.

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

“ Speak, dead Maria, from your place of rest,
Like your great namesake among women blest :
Blest in your parents, and your early days
Spent among loving friends in peaceful ways :
No heart's despondency thou hadst to prove,
Blest in the crowning of thy only love :
Blest in a husband, whose affections grew
Deeper, as better he your sweetness knew :
Blest in affections kept within control :
Blest in profound humility of soul :
Blest in your children : blest in your release,
Dying, like Rachel, for the world's increase :
It was not thy hard fate to shed a tear
On little Lottie's sad untimely bier :
And by God's mercy thou wast spared the day,
Which might have seen thy firstborn borne away :
No lingering illness with its torture slow
Poisoned thy life, and made thee glad to go ;
But in the fulness of thy youth and joy,
Which felt no pause, and knew of no alloy,
Without a pang, a sigh, a doubt, or fear,
As if thy joyful work was finished here,
Thy husband led thee down to Jordan's stream,
While on thy eyes Heaven's opening glories gleam,
His name last on thy lips ; but on that shore
He, whom thou lovedst better, aye, far more
Than husband or than children, bade thee come
Into thy blessed everlasting home.”

Pausing awhile, he said, with solemn mien :
“ Without this discipline what had you been ?

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

God welds his instruments, and yet is kind :
To the shorn lamb He tempers still the wind :
Beyond your strength no burden He will lay :
Through Him your strength is always as your day :
And do not think that dull domestic ease
In beauteous England must surely please :
Those, who a real contentment do not know,
May change the scene, but will not change the woe.
Fling not away in a desponding mood
The priceless privilege of doing good :
Strive you to do the labour of the day,
While there is light, with the best power you may :
Do the next thing before you : daily stand
With your loins girt, lamp burning in your hand,
Waiting your Master's summons, and till then
Fighting His battles midst the ranks of men ;
For you can never say how soon, how late,
You may be summoned to your Master's gate."

He ceased : the listener still outstretching hung
Upon the music of that blessed tongue,
As if he still were speaking, for the chord
Of his struck heartstring vibrates to each word,
And ere he raised his head to bid him pray,
The speaker quietly passed away ;
For there are bounds to friendship of a friend,
And human sympathy must have an end ;
The furnace of affliction must be trod,
And man must gain his strength to bear from God.

And when he found himself alone again,
Back came the sense of overwhelming pain,



"He on the table laid his wearied head."



"Proclaim the advent of the children's hour."

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

And with a cry of anguish for his dead,
He on the table laid his wearied head,
Beside the empty sofa, where no more
Can ever sit "his lost—his lost Lenore,"
And turning to his Saviour, prayed that he
From Life's unequal fight discharged might be.
Just at this moment at the chamber-door,
Pattering of little feet upon the floor,
And tiny cries (for night begins to lower)
Proclaim the advent of the "children's hour":
Then little Robbie's face seemed to illumine,
Like a bright ray of sun, his darkened room:
In his arms Minnie nestled like a dove,
A something still to live for—still to love:
While little Lottie gazed upon the scene
With solemn, earnest, yet unchanging mien,
As if she bore this silent message: "I
Bid thee, my father, live, who caused thy wife to die."
Before him rose the dying scene; he heard,
As in a dream, her last unselfish word,
That he was not to fret, that he must strive
With them to find amusement, and to live:

And slowly—very slowly—from his brain
Rose up the clouds of dull confusing pain;
And gently—very gently—o'er his soul
The peace, which passes understanding, stole.
It was not, that he missed her presence less,
Her tender love, her wifely gentleness,
In room, in walk, in church, by day or night,
The halo of her presence soft and bright:

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

It was not, that he ever ceased to mourn
Her, who could never to his side return :
It was not, that he did not still prefer
Beyond all social joys to think of her :
But Time the soother in its progress threw
O'er the dark scenes of woe a gentler hue :
By resignation taught, his heart confessed,
That God's sweet discipline was for the best :
She seemed like some dream-vision of his brain :
And so he turned him back to work again.

And that her sweet and gracious name might live
Longer than friends have time their dead to grieve,
And that her children might grow up to know
More than dim legends of their father's woe,
He consecrates his last, his failing, powers,
The lonely leisure of his weary hours,
To tell his children of their father's pride,
How she was loved, and loved, and how she died ;
How her too early summons to depart
Threw desolation on a loving heart.
Beneath five cypresses the rose-trees bloom
Above that gentle mother's Indian tomb ;
Five stars surround a cross beneath their names,
One holy text their heavenward hope proclaims.
Those, who loved him and her in their short day,
Tribute of tears and flowers may sometimes pay,
Nor will a difference of race or creeds
Weaken the offering, that from love proceeds.
And in that church, near which his boyhood passed,
And where he humbly hopes to rest at last,



**HER CHILDREN RISE UP
AND CALL HER BLESSED
HER HUSBAND ALSO HE PRAISETH HER.
PROVERBS XXXI 28.**

"Snapped in its pride of youth, a blooming rose."

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

A sculptured tablet of white marble shows,
Snapped in its pride of youth, a blooming rose ;
Five little buds half-opening to the sun,
Suggest a mother's duties left undone,
With a dry, useless, down-bent, leaf to tell
The woe of him, who loved them all too well.
Perhaps sympathetic piety may lead
The villagers the sculptured lines to read,
Young girls, and matrons in their blooming charms
With joyous babies crowing in their arms,
And some, who knew her, perhaps will shed a tear
For her, who sleeps, alas ! not here, not here ;
And as long years roll on, some crone may say,
Whose hair by age has long been turned to gray :
“ Yes, I remember that bright Summer eve,
We stood that gentle lady to receive ;
I still recall the tender, loving air,
With which she looked on him who brought her there.”
And still, when all have lived their little day,
And all who knew her shall have passed away,
Still will that tablet, truthfully and well,
The blessing of a quiet spirit tell,
The childlike faith in a Redeemer's love,
And meek submission to His will above.
Long before that time, for faith is not vain,
Those loving hearts will perhaps have met again
In Heaven's high mansions, and the grief here told
Long before that time will have been consoled ;
Long before that time, into knowledge grown,
The little children will their loss have known,
The loss irreparable of a mother's care ;
But God is gracious, and will help them there.
Faint echoes of the tale may perhaps abide
Of one, who left this spot in manhood's pride,

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

Full of high purpose and ambition's fire,
With everything that man's heart can desire,
And with three helpless babies o'er the main
Crept broken, hopeless, back to home again.

Scarce had he written thus : the echoes bring
The last vibration of a broken string,
While in himself he felt a fibre part,
As if the wrench asunder of a heart.
He rose, and to his daily duty went,
The dull drear round of daily discontent,
The empty balancing of mind with mind,
The vain attempt to benefit mankind,
The idle craving after fame and self,
The useless hoarding up of useless pelf,
The dull drear walk to meet the morning sun,
The drearier homeward walk, when work was done.
The lonely meal, the unassisted prayer,
The cold and dreary room, the empty chair,
The lonely couch, which no fond wife endears,
The vacant pillow bathed with useless tears.
No cheerful helpmate stands at open door,
Wondering why he has not come back before ;
No children rush their welcome sire to meet ;
No busy pattering of little feet ;
No news to be exchanged and answers given,
And all that makes our life on earth like Heaven ;
No cheerful meal the day's care to beguile,
With children prattling 'neath their mother's smile ;
No tender loving heart to feel for him,
Smoother every trouble, humour every whim,

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

By sharing sorrow cheer the whole away,
O'er his strong will maintaining gentle sway.
To him could any vision gladsome seem,
Vision of home it was with her supreme :
For wealth or honour had he any care,
Honour and wealth it was with her to share.
No folding of the children in their beds,
With prayers and blessings on their baby-heads,
No fireside happy hours, that fly too fast,
Plans for the future, musings on the past,
No prayers to God their souls in peace to keep,
Blessings half-murmured, crowned in blissful sleep ;
But a dead silence, a deep curse, a blight,
In hall, in heart, in home, by day, by night.
Still to his work he went, and laboured there :
God gave him talents, bade him not despair ;
But midst the dreary drudgery of State,
The hateful burdens, that on office wait,
His liberated thoughts would often rest
In his deserted Himaláyan nest.
There stood, Madonna-like, his sainted wife,
Shrined in a nimbus of past blessed life,
Life gone, not to be recalled, the past, the prime,
The curse of memory, Nemesis of time :
Thence glanced his weary thoughts to that lone grave,
Where sleeps that dear one he'd have died to save :
But a voice whispers, " Seek not here your rest ;
Whatever is ordained of Heaven is best."

And if his life be spared, if labour done,
He backwards turns unto the setting sun,

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

Oft when he musing sits on journeys past,
And the long journey to be made at last,
Will she, the gentle, loving woman, glide
In at the door, and sitting by his side,
Touch his cold hand, and his dim sight surprise
With the soft lustre of her dove-like eyes.
Old, broken, stooping, gray is he, but she
Ever in bloom of young maternity,
In the same form, which once he loved so well ;
They know no change, where she is gone to dwell.
The sight of that loved vision will illumine
The growing darkness of the old man's room,
And round about the old man's dying bed
The sounds of that sweet voice a peace will shed.
Her children may grow up, and Time may place
Upon his knees of babes another race ;
His faithful heart can ne'er forget that wife,
Who shared the glory of his prime of life.

England, Calcutta, 1864-5.





"Touch his cold hand, and his dim sight surprise."


STILL shall Thy name a magic influence bear,
Speak to this heart, and find an echo there !
Still shall Thy words a lamp of guidance be,
The type of Goodness still be found in Thee !
And still of those, whom Thou hast left behind,
If there be one more sweet, with heart more kind ;
In whose unselfish nature we can trace
More angel-purity, more mortal grace ;
If wise, and humble, to her conscience true ;
This be her greatest praise, that she resembles you !

London, June, 1877.



FAREWELL TO MARIE.

(First stanza an almost literal adaptation from a well-known Poem.)

ARIE, though now Death's boundless sea
Divides us, and alas ! for ever,
'Think not my heart can stray from thee,
Or cease to mourn thy absence. Never !

And when in distant lands I roam,
Forlorn, unfriended, broken-hearted,
My heart will sigh for thee, and home,
And all those joys, from which I've parted.

The helpless babes thou leftst with me
Heaven's pitying gales have wafted over.
And the same roof, which sheltered thee,
Those tender buds will safely cover.

Thy husband to his post returns
In cares of State his grief to smother :
His heart's unchanged affections burn
For thee, his wife, his children's mother.

London, June, 1864.

IN MEMORIAM. II.

(On board the steamer "Dehli.")

LOVE, I have watched thee : I have seen thy weeping,
And, if I could, would gladly stay thy tears :
I've hovered over thee, while calmly sleeping :
Oh, husband darling, I am ever near !

I've seen our little children round thee playing,
And climbing up upon their father's knee :
I've heard your lonely midnight-sobs, and praying ;
My only answer is, "Come up to me."

I see the home, where once we dwelt together,
In love and happiness and peace complete :
I see our figures glancing o'er the heather
High up Dalhousie's still and calm retreat.

By your dear side I see myself still kneeling,
As our hearts rose to God in evening-prayer ;
I see—I feel your fond arm round me stealing,
When gentle slumber overpowered us there.

But in my Father's house is many a mansion
Fairer and lovelier than our earthly home ;
And beautiful in all the soul's expansion
Are the delightful mountains where I roam.

IN MEMORIAM.

In prayers and Hallelujahs never ending,
Our everlasting Sabbath thus we keep ;
O'er sorrowing hearts His healing wings extending,
God giveth His beloved balmy sleep.

The world recedes, and I am fast forgetting
What made on earth our shortlived happiness :
The sun of human joy and hope is setting
Before the blaze of Christ's own Righteousness.

My heart with love beyond control is burning
For Him, who loves us to Eternity.
Think not of me, as one to thee returning :
I would not, if I could : "Come up to me."

September 28, 1864.



IN MEMORIAM. III.

(On board the steamer "Dehli.")

If anyone could see my sad, stern face,
With glassy eye across the landscape ranging,
He might have thought, that I in Life's cold race
Had found a stony peace, that knew no changing.

But 'neath that frozen surface lies a heart,
With love, love ardent, love undying, burning,
A heart, that was not made from heart to part,
A heart to sympathy too fondly turning.

If anyone had marked my life's career
From post to post of honour proudly treading,
Would he have thought the end so soon, so near,
With a dark cloud o'er all my Future spreading ?

September, 1864.



IN MEMORIAM. IV.

On Receiving the Sacrament at the Cathedral, Calcutta.

WE knelt together here four years ago,
With the sad hour of parting drawing near :
My faithless heart was quivering 'neath the blow,
And the Lord's blood was mingled with a tear.

And now I kneel alone, and by my side
No gentle wife—no pure and humble Saint :
Vainly on God my thoughts to rest I tried,
Thinking of her my heart grows cold and faint.

She dwells, sweet saint, in blessèd realms on high,
And drinks the wine-cup pure and fresh in Heaven :
Her trial-time of parting is gone by ;
Ceaseless communion with her Lord is given.

November 6, 1864.



IN MEMORIAM. V.

EACH trifling feature of my Indian life,
Each thought, each joy, each trial, thee recalls.
I scarcely dare serve God without my wife :
Cold and inanimate my spirit falls.

When I pursue my lonely morning walk,
I scarcely dare thank God for lengthened days :
When I in prayer would with my Saviour talk,
On my lips pause the faltering words of praise.

When I lay down my weary head to rest,
I scarcely dare to wish to wake again :
When I awake with strength and power refreshed,
With me awakes a dull dead sense of pain.

Upon that pillow I now lay my cross,
Which once in slumber by her head was pressed :
I try to grow accustomed to my loss,
To clasp my cross and feel that "it is best."

If in my dreams, which happier hours recall,
I start, and seek to know if she be there,
Upon my cross my hands outstretching fall,
And consciousness leaps into weary care.

November 20, 1864.

IN MEMORIAM. VI.

WE trembling saw the cup of grief go by ;
As all our friends in turn their sad heads bow,
We clasped our children with despairing cry ;
With eyes turned up to Heaven murmured, " How,

" How long will He, our Father, spare us ? " She
Oft prayed for meek submission to His will,
Nestling beside me on her bended knee,
While tears for other's sorrows our eyes fill.

The hour arrived : she pure, and fit for Heaven,
Passed like an angel from my stricken sight :
To me a longer pilgrimage is given,
Reft of all joys, that once made my world bright.

I still look up bewildered : my weak sinning
Heart chose an earthly idol, loved too well :
Lord, Lord, Thy love alone is worth the winning !
Teach me to turn to Thee, and with Thee dwell !

November, 1864.



IN MEMORIAM. VII.

THEY tell me "Wives die every day": 't is true :
My wife to me has never died before :
My fate is common, and far lighter too
My burden than what other men have bore.

Can I forget the gentle, peaceful head,
That on my shoulder meekly used to rest ?
The loving nightly prayer by fond lips said,
While blessing me in my affections blest ?

On her sweet breast my aching head I've laid,
From her sweet lips I consolation drew :
To her my fears, my weaknesses, betrayed,
And found in her a blessing ever new.

Others have seen (and have endured the sight)
Their love burn out, or die by slow decay :
But I have seen the sun of my delight
Set in the splendour of its brightest day.

November, 1864.



IN MEMORIAM. VIII.

I GIVE her up : from her sweet love I part :
I give her up, since Christ will have it so :
I tear her sainted image from my heart :
My life's first purest dream I here forego.

Why am I curst above my fellow-men ?
Oh, do not question God's supreme decree !
Once above others you were blest—and then
Who takes the blessing, takes the agony.

Why was I not made hard like other men ?
Why did God give me this exceeding love ?
Why did I know domestic pleasures, when
Childless and wifeless I am doomed to rove ?

December 4, 1864.



IN MEMORIAM. IX.

THEY talk of Patience; I must need rebel;
Of love less lasting, and less keen regret:
Was it a sin then, Love, to love thee well?
Are my friends right, who say, "I must forget"?

Could I have looked upon thee with cold eye,
Merely as part of my own selfish life?
Can I indifferently my labours ply
Whether without, or whether with, a wife?

The days go slowly by: one year is past:
Before me spread a hopeless chain of years:
On thorns and briars all my days are cast:
I find the only real relief in tears.

Till midnight chimes I pace my lonely room,
Think of lost happiness, and pine for thee:
When daylight dawns, my mind awakes to gloom,
And shivers in the morning-agony.

December, 1864.

IN MEMORIAM. X.

*On receiving letters from her home, in which her name was
not mentioned.*

EACH eye is dried : no more thy much-loved name
Flies to the lips, or lingers on the pen :
New cares, new loves, new hopes, new plans, they frame :
The dead, the poor dead, are forgotten, then.

Dead and forgotten ! from your much-loved home
Letters come floating over the wide sea :
Full of your children's words and deeds they come,
Telling of everything, but not of thee.

So much the longer, sadder shall my love
Hang o'er thy memory, and weep for thee :
The cold, cold, world with new hopes fails to move
One faithful heart from unshared agony.

December 7, 1864.



IN MEMORIAM. XI.

ROLL up your papers, lock your boxes up :
Let no new cares, new hopes, your bosom stir :
Drink to the dregs Affliction's bitter cup :
All the wide world is narrowed into her.

Do not return to the old way of life :
Have you the heart the old track to pursue,
As if you never had a loving wife,
As if no loving heart once beat for you ?

Let a marked change surround your onward way,
A living, lasting testimony to give
Of her sweet excellence, and highest praise,
Without whose presence 't is no joy to live.

December, 1864.



IN MEMORIAM. XII.

*(Sir John and Lady Lawrence sat for the first time in State
in the Cathedral at Morning Service.)*

IN the Cathedral, in the princely State,
Which England's proudest citizen befits,
Firm and undaunted, prosperous and great,
Before my tearful eye the Viceroy sits.

Him had I followed, as my rising sun,
By his example learnt my course to trim,
And now, when all to me was lost and gone,
I had one interest to be with him.

I envy not his greatness : I rejoice
To think, that Fortune should for once be true ;
That he, who merits, should by general voice
Sit there the highest, and be happy too.

On the same dais, partner of his life,
Joy of his manhood, of his age the pride,
His children's mother, and his loving wife,
Was meekly sitting by her husband's side.

IN MEMORIAM.

Over the sea she came, and in her arms
Brought a new child, in separation born :
For him, without her, splendour had no charms,
And in a palace he had felt forlorn.


Oft had I spoke of her to one, whose ear
No words of mine can from her sleep now stir :
For this was ever my ambition here,
To live like him, if *she* could live like her.

If my heart failed me in this hour of woe :
If I could—oh ! may God forgive me still,
Teach me my fondest visions to forego,
And still His service meekly to fulfil.

Calcutta, December 11, 1864.



IN MEMORIAM. XIII.

O thee another Monument I raise,
Which all can see, who see thy husband grieve :
And those, who knew thee not, shall know thy praise,
Who such a weight of hopeless love could leave.

Surely, they say, most lovable was she,
Who won and held to death his loving heart,
That he, in bitter scorn of misery,
Parted from her, from the whole world would part.

And when they see his unavailing tears,
Some few perhaps of gentle mood may sigh :
Could I be loved like this a few short years,
And be remembered thus, I'd gladly die !

January, 1865.

IN MEMORIAM. XIV.

DEAD one whole year ! to her an hour of bliss,
To me an age of sorrow and regret !
I scarcely yet her gentle presence miss,
I scarcely understand my sorrow yet.

I feel some portion of her hovering thus
O'er hearth, o'er couch, o'er my deserted room :
Fondly deceiving, still I pray for *us*,
And think of *our* dear children and *our* home.

For longer periods than this year of woe
She has been absent, and has still come back :
Oh ! could I find her in this world below
Once more returning on her homeward track !

Gone are all pleasures, gone all earthly bliss,
Gone are my children, gone all hope in life ;
The only thing, that now remains, is this,
That once I had, and have no more, a wife.

January 17, 1865.

MY LOST LOVE.



PE, ope the golden doors,
Display the marble floors,
The courts of jasper :
Shining with radiant charms
In your celestial arms,
Bright angels clasp her !

To save my love from death,
All that I have of breath
I would have given :
Blind in my selfish love,
To keep I vainly strove
A saint from Heaven.

If in that realm of bliss,
Aught of a world like this
Thou art recalling,
Oh ! soothe my anxious fears,
Stay my repining tears,
Ceaselessly falling !

MY LOST LOVE.

Some glimpse of Paradise
Ope to my straining eyes,
 Thy wings o'er-spreading :
My soul with thee will talk,
My lonely winter-walk
 Mournfully treading.

Oh ! hover o'er my bed,
Support my sinking head,
 My eyes upturning ;
And soothe my aching heart
With never-dying smart,
 Hopelessly burning.

Be with me in my prayer,
Over my lonely chair,
 Fluttering lightly :
Shield me from secret sin,
And cleanse my heart within
 Daily and nightly.

Calcutta, 1865.



*ADAPTATION OF TWO STANZAS OF KEBLE'S
MORNING HYMN.*

NEW every morning is the woe
My wakening and uprising know :
Through sleepless darkness sadly brought
Back to the agony of thought.

New sorrows each returning day
Hover around me, while I pray :
New bursts of recollection roll
Through grief-crazed mind, and tortured Soul.

Calcutta, 1865.



DESOLATION.

(A FRAGMENT.)

IN vain the morn comes forth to me again,
Calling to joy, and toil, my fellow-men :
All, all is lost, dream, hope, reality ;
Past, present, future : all the powers of life
Sucked dry, and blasted, fall, and die with her.
The day goes by, a dreary round of cares ;
Duties unsanctified, unrewarded toil :
Men praise me still, and some would have me live :
Honours still come unasked, and valueless :
Then comes the night, and thoughts begin to play.
Thoughts of the children in their little beds,
Their mother slumbering by their father's side
After a benediction whispered low
From those sweet lips to his delighting ears ;
Thoughts of the human race at length at rest :
No sound of toil, or pleasure, in the streets,
While I slow pacing down my narrow room,
Imprisoned in the dungeon of my grief,
Think sadly of the days that ne'er return ;
The dark cloud settled on my middle life ;
The blasting of my hopes this side the grave ;
The sharp disruption of all tender ties ;
The uselessness of life, that will flow on
Unthanked for ; blessings turned into a curse ;

DESOLATION.

Dark looking forward, darker looking back ;
The bitter contrast which I see around.
Abroad I see (and quiver at the sight)
Sights that unman my heart, and crush me down :
The husband's pensive, but undaunted, mien,
Thinking of honours, wealth, yet to be won,
And thanking God for what He has in store,
Wife, children, competence, a happy home.
She pacing by his side with downcast eyes,
Wondering, if honours made him love *her* less,
Whether she will not therefore love *him* more,
For, though the world now renders honour due,
This was *her* verdict many a year ago :
The eldest girl, tall, graceful, modest-miened,
Uniting father's height to mother's grace.

* * * * *

Calcutta, January, 1865.



ON W. E. GLADSTONE BEING REJECTED BY
OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

ILLUSTRIOUS Athens, moved by party-rage,
Placed Aristides under civic ban :
For while their counsels *unjust* schemes engage,
They could not bear to see so *just* a man.
The calmer judgment of each after age
Condemns the city, justifies the man.
Oxford, of liberal Learning once the friend,
Stands self-convicted, as no longer fit
A man to England's Parliament to send,
Renowned for Learning, Eloquence, and Wit.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Civili placuit motis formidine Athenis
Urbis Aristidem exagitare decus :
Scilicet injusti cives, injusta moventes,
Parcere tam justo non voluere viro.
Postera, judiciis utens melioribus, aetas
Totam urbem damnat, justificatque virum.
Libera sic olim doctrinae Oxonia mater
Se nunc indignam monstrat honore suo :
Non magis in patrios civem missura Senatus
Illustrem Eloquio, Dotibus, Arte, Sale.

London, August, 1865.

TRANSLATION OF
"SAVIOUR, ABIDE WITH US."



Christe ! nobiscum mora,
Extinctus est noster dies,
Et nos beatos fac ita
Circum Thronum stantes Tuum.

Non attigimus illum solum,
Solum beatum, nos adhuc :
Stant Angeli quô Te prope,
Nunquamque Soles occidunt.

Sol noster occasum subit,
Et noster interiit dies :
Sol surge Rectitudinis,
Semperque nos illumina !

*In church with my dear wife Emma,
who died very soon afterwards.
Allahabad, North India, 1867.*

PART III.

AFTER INDIA.

1868-1897.

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TRANSLATION OF
"WEEP NOT YOUR DAUGHTER FADING."

(ANON.)

NE fleas natâ subeunte mortem :
Sors tua est communis, amabilesque
Singuli nascuntur, euntque : vanas
Mitte querelas.

Angor, et luctus violens, et ira
Fervida, haud turbant animam quietam :
Illa, quâ nunquam est dolor, ad silentem
Transiit oram.

Hastings, March, 1868.

TRANSLATION OF FOUR LINES FROM POPE'S
ESSAYS.

CUNCTORUM Deus, aequali qui lumine cernit
Quò more intreat Vir, volucrisque cadat :
Quâ vi particulae subeant, Mundive, ruinam,
Nunc terrarum orbis, nunc ruat orbis aquae.

Eastbourne, October, 1869.

TRANSLATION OF
"I NEVER SHALL FORGET THAT SUNDAY
NIGHT."—ANON.

SABBATI noctem quoties recordor !
Solus assedi tumulo recenti :
Luna per lucis fluitavit undam, et
Sidera coeli.

Nullus invasit sonitus quieti :
E sacrâ vox maesta maris videtur
Turre tinnitus iterare, quâ Crux
Imminet urnae.

Mente succurrêre, pericla quorum
In Dei sopita jacent quiete,
Vestibus Sancti nitidis : beato
Littore in illo

Nullus est curae locus, aut dolori :
Terra succurrit melior, procellâ
Tuta, nec fluctus pelagi silentem
Verberat oram.

Tunc quies visa est potior, labore
Libera, et vires superante curâ :
Carpere optavi propiora summi
Gaudia coeli.

" I NEVER SHALL FORGET THAT SUNDAY NIGHT."

Credidi sedem Domini propinquam,
Nubila observans vaga ; cum videntur
Fervidae coelo, tumuloque, carae
Surgere voces.

Strenuè suadent opere occupari,
Quamdiu sit lux hodierna nobis,
Et pati constanter, et esse fortem :
Quodque Voluntas

Illius monstret benedicta, summis
Viribus niti, bene ut expedirem :
Vera quae sit vita diutius nam
Non manet unquam.

Hôc loco juxta tumulum marinum
Quod mihi durum est, meliusque, vidi :
Mens sit aerumnae patiens, dabitque
Ille quietem.

Eastbourne, 1870.



THE TWO BROTHERS. (Epigram in Six Languages.)

I. ENGLISH.

TWO brothers wooed and won a wealthy bride :
So far united, thence their lots divide :
One lost his much-loved spouse, but kept the swag ;
The other lost the wealth, but kept his odious hag.

II. FRENCH.

Deux frères se sont mariés à une fortune immense :
Voilà la ressemblance ; voici la différence :
L'un gardait la dot, sa jeune épouse perdait ;
L'autre perdait la dot, sa vieille femme gardait.

III. LATIN.

Fratres, qui pingues olim duxêre maritas,
Diversâ causâ luctû vexantur eodem :
Nam salvâ dote ille amissâ conjuge plorat ;
Hic dote amissâ, ne conjux salva sit, orat.

Second Version.

Fratres, qui pingues olim duxêre maritas,
Turbat luctus idem, causa sed haud eadem est :
Illum nupta perit juvenis quia dote relictâ :
Hunc quia dos periit, nudaque restat anus.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

Third Version.

Duxêrunt fratres magnam cum conjugè dotem :
Sors illi similis, dissimilisque, fuit :
Illi compositâ dos conjugè mansit amanti :
Huic misero, salvâ conjugè, dos periit.
Sic dans aut tollens Fortuna irrisit utrisque ;
Hic frater nummos prætulit, ille torum.

IV. GREEK.

Κτήμασι σὺν πολλοῖς ἐγαμήσατον ἄνδρε παλαίῳ·
*὘νθ' αὐτῶν μοῖρας γίγνεται ἀντίθεσις·
Τούτῳ κτήματ' ἐμείνε, πικρῶς ὅτ' ἐκλαῦσε γύναικα
Κτήματ' ἐκλαῦσ' ἑτερος· πίκρα ἐμείνε γύνῃ.

V. URDU (in Roman character).


Do bhai ne bari dhan ki shadi ki :
Unki kismat pechi bahut juda thi :
Ek ki bibi mari, lekin dhan bachaii :
Dusri ki dhan jati : baki buddhi mai.

VI. PERSIAN (in Arabic character).

زر و زن بسیار دو برادر کرد.
پس یافتند قسمت مختلف را.
این را زر بماند و زن بمرد.
زر برفت و زن بماند آن را.

London, 1871.

TRANSLATION OF "MIDNIGHT HYMN."—ANON.

UM vagas noctis tacitae sub horas
Somniis pulsi fugiunt sopores,
Quem meus nisi Te, Domine, in tenebris
Spiritus optet ?

Si sinum turbet vaga quae querela,
Pristinas curas revocans diei,
Nescius quid sit fugio, et sacratam
Pono sub aram.

Sin mali forsán venientis augur
Opprimat pectus gravitate, nulla
Quis sit, aut qualis, mihi cura, namque est
Vestra Voluntas.

O ! licet curae trepidant ab omni
Parte praesentes, veteresve, transit
Sola quam laetè taciturna Tecum
O Deus, hora !


Nocte nam tranquillior, et silentis
Plenior pacis, penitus beata,
Sub voluntatem Domini supremam
Mens mea restat.

Namque cunctorum mihi nunc per orbem,
Quae dare, aut quae sumere, sit potestas,
O Deus, coelo nisi Te meus quem
Spiritus optet ?

London, 1871.

TRANSLATION OF WATTS'

"WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS."

IRIFICAM cum mente Crucem meditante recordor,
Quâ pendidit Rex Glorïae,
Tunc mihi pro nihilo ditissima lucra videntur,
Sperno et meam superbiam.

Nulla mihi precor, O Domine, exultatio surgat,
Nisi in Crucem Christi Dei :
Omnia, quae quondam fuerant gratissima cordi,
Illius accipiat cruor.

Illius, en ! manibus, capite, et pede, mista fluenta
Amor, Dolorque, defluunt :
Tantus Amor, tantusque Dolor, simul ! O ! fuit unquam
Spinis corona splendida !

Si mihi contigerint Naturae regna suprema,
Non esset in voto satis :
Non anima, et vita, et cunctum, pro munere talis
Mirandi Amoris sufficit.

Eastbourne, 1871.

*TO MY UNCLE ON HIS EIGHTY-FIRST
BIRTHDAY.*

IF thy long life, completing eighty years,
Has been a calendar of woes and tears :
If many a loved companion of thy way
Has gone before thee to the realms of day :
If still the unavailing teardrops start,
A vain relief for thy poor aching heart,
That loving heart, which never fails to show
Deep sympathy in all our joy and woe ;
Oh ! may thy sorrowing spirit comfort find
In the affection of those left behind,
The many friends, who for thy welfare pray,
And gather round thee on thy Natal day.

Cardington, Bedfordshire, Aug. 13, 1871.

TRANSLATION OF
NEWMAN'S "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

ME ducas, bona Lux, vitae umbras inter opacas :
Nox abdit coelos, et procul erro domû.
Quaeso, pedes serva : distantes cernere terras
Non mihi nunc mens est : sat gradus unus erit.
Non Ego talis eram quondam ; non, Christe, rogavi
Te, Dilecte, meas ducere velle pedes.
Semita quae placeat, volui spectare protervè :
Nunc me duc ! veteris ne memor esto viae !
Me tantos duxit Tua dextra benigna per annos :
Ducat in extremum me Tua dextra domum.
Per juga, per valles, per saxa, et flumina, noctis
Dum tenebrosa oculis nubila diffugiant !
Vultus amicorum primâ cum luce renident,
Quos modo dilectos abstulit atra dies.

Eastbourne, 1872.

TRANSLATION OF
HERRICK'S "GO, LOVELY ROSE!"

I ROSA pulchra, illi, quae me et sua tempora perdit,
Nuntia sis, dominam nunc bene nosse meam,
Quando suam faciem similem tibi carmine fingam,
Quam pulchra et dulcis visa sit esse mihi.

Admoneas illam, sua quae juvenilibus horis
Non velit ora oculis aspicienda meis,
Si te desertus produxerit angulus orbis,
Non tibi contigerit tantus ubique favor.


Paulo stat pretio quae forma ex luce latescit :
Illi dic : " Mundi profer in ora gradum :
Da veniam, si te miro veneremur amore :
Si te laudemus cur rubuère genae ? "

Tunc morere, et, tua contemplans contristia fata,
Sortem, cui subeant omnia rara, legat,
Quam brevis illorum est, et inexorabilis, hora,
Quae sint egregio pulchra, et amata, modo.

Sed cum summa dies et te marcescere fecit,
Frondebis e siccis exorietur odor :
Laedere virtutem non temporis ira valebit,
Et bonitas formâ depereunte manet.

London, 1872.

TRANSLATION OF HAINES BAILEY'S
"SHE NEVER LOVED BUT ONCE."

NUS eam devicit amor, similisque videtur
Nubila quae cerebro texere somnus amat :
Ut si oculis praematurè immortalia vidit,
Aut momento alas induit angelicas.
Unus amor, venitque semel : patiturque dolores,
Quos fert, et solus quos medicatur amor.
Atque ut lux vitae lentè evanescere coepit,
Composuit tumidum cor, voluitque mori :
Vita tamen mansit : tantos meminisse tumultus
Aegrotanti animo gaudia pauca vehit :
Semper amicitia sibi vinxit amabilis omnes :
Sed nunquam tetigit corda secundus amor ;
Occupat alma quies animam, dum coelitis regno
Primus det soli munus amoris amor.


London, 1872.

TRANSLATION OF HOOD'S
"WE WATCHED HER BREATHING THROUGH
THE NIGHT."

ILLAM per noctem vigilavi, dum vice lentâ
Unda levis vitae vibrat anhela sinu.
Languet vis pedibus, vox haeret faucibus, ut si
Illius aegra mei vita vigoris eget.
Me spes alternis, timor alternisque timentem
Sperantemque animi lusit imaginibus ;
Namque sopor jam jam mors fictilis esse videtur,
Cum mors vera aderat, creditur esse sopor.
Tristis et uda Aurora venit mihi : lumina clausit
Pallida mors : illi clarior orta dies.


London, 1872.

TRANSLATION OF BEATTIE'S
"THE END AND THE REWARD OF TOIL IS
REST."

LMA quies, mihi tu munus, tu meta laborum :
Pro pace et vitâ sint mea vota piâ.
Ah ! quid Graiorum, Romaeque, eloquentia prosit,
Musa sonans coelos, harmonicumque melos :
Ex Ophiris aurum, et Tyriae medicamina lanae :
Quod Fortuna daret, quod daret arte labor,
Si stultam contristet inepta Superbia mentem,
Vicinos sperans se superare suos ?
Cuncta libido mali, confusaeque nubila curae,
Cuncta voluntatis somnia dispereunt ;
Spes terrestris abest ; coeli cor restat in arce.
Pax immortalis luce serena micat.
Si mihi divitiae nullâ condantur in arcâ,
Nec noscent nomen saecula futura meum,
Fortunae saevo securus flamine resto,
Fervet et immenso Lucis amore sinus.

Hurstmonceaux, Sussex, 1872.

*PROPOSED ODE FOR MY BROTHER HENRY
TO SEND TO SIR G. OSBORN IN REPLY
TO HIS LATIN ODE.*

EORGIO Henricus, veteri vetustus,
Gratias tantos agit ob favores :
Invicem, gratissime mi sodalis,
Accipe carmen.

Heu ! vacillantes tolerare plantas
Est opus fido baculo, dolorque
Me frequens vexat, viduumque turbant
Tristia lectum.

Mille sed solatia nunc benigna
Fata concessêre : domum paratum,
Filium haeredem, quatuorque, quae dent
Oscula, natas.

Copiam, quae sufficiat modestis
In dies votis, veteres amicos,
Et duos fratres, totidem et sorores,
Foedere junctos.

Est mihi mens sana, capax amandi
Omne quod jucundius, aut decorum,
In libris antiqua, recentiorve,
Musa profudit.

ODE FOR MY BROTHER HENRY.


Mitte sectari, spatii quod ultra est :
Mors venit certo, tacitoque, gressu ;
Neu diem summam metuas, Amice
Care, nec optes.

Detur hoc saltem, ut lacrymas amantes
Debitas spargant oculi meorum,
Rite deponunt mea cum paterno
Ossa sepulcro.

London, July 12, 1873.



*TRANSLATION OF MOORE'S
"THERE IS A BOWER OF ROSES BY
BENDERMERER'S STREAM."*

D Bendermeri fluvium stat sylva rosarum,
Atque ibi per totam flet Philomela diem :
Quando ego parvus eram, quasi noctis somnia visum est
Dulce sedere rosas inter, avisque melos.


Illam sylvam, illasque rosas, nunc mente recordor,
Cumque novo ridet Veris honore solum,
Miror, adhuc Bendermeri prope molle fluentum
Anne rosae vireant, an Philomela fleat.

Ah ! citius periit super undam pensilis arbor,
Attamen e foliis, dum micuere rosae,
Fictilis extracta est virtus, quae Veris ademptum
Dulci rore refert, Vere abeunte, decus.

Sic hominum menti, cum gaudia prisca recordat,
Dulcis odor memori per nova lustra manet.
Sic mihi nunc animum, quae delectavit ocellos,
Ad Bendermeri silvula dulcis aquas.

*Giants' Causeway, Ireland, October, 1874.
(In an Irish car.)*

TRANSLATION OF
POPE'S "UNIVERSAL HYMN."

 UNCTORUM Genitor, quem saecula cuncta fatentur,
Cui fumat cuncto fumifera Ara solo :
Quem sancti noscunt divinâ luce Jehóvam,
Paganique Jovem, doctiloquique Deum.

Tu minus intellecta, sed una et maxima Causa,
Cui placuit sensus sic cohibere meos,
Ut scirem Te principium finemque bonorum,
Velari et densâ lumina nube mea.

Me tamen edocuit, tenebrosâ nocte sedentem,
Quomodo discernam quae bona, quaeque mala :
Naturam certo constringens carcere Fati
Arbitrium humano contulit ingenio.

Quae mihi demonstret factû mens conscia recti,
Meque quibus factis abstinuisse velit,
Sit magis infernis, precor, haec vitanda tenebris :
Illa magis coelo mente, animoque, sequar.

Quae bona, quae jucunda, meum cedantur in usum,
Abjiciam vanâ ne, precor, illa manu :
Cum dona accipimus, danti solvamus honorem :
Qui fruitur Domini munere, jussa facit.

Terrarum mundus pars est, Deus, infima regni,
Undique cui bonitas, et sine fine, patet :
Ne credam Te solam hominum regnare per orbem,
Cui parent nitidi millia signa Poli.

Quando opus incipiam rectum, tua Gratia detur,
Ut semper rectâ sim, stabilisque, viâ :
Et si per cursus forsâ deflectar iniquos,
O ! duce Te Domino sit meliore frui !

Nulla meum conturbet inepta Superbia mentem :
Impia contristet nulla querela sinum :
Quae non contigerint, Sapientia summa negavit :
Quae bona contigerint, sint bonitate Dei.

Me doceas aliorum animo miserescere luctûs :
Quae visa est aliis culpa, tegenda mihi :
Sique meum cor nunc sortis miserescit iniquae,
Tempore Judicii Tu miserere mei !

Corpore vilis eram partû, nisi mente, quod igne il-
-luminat aethereâ Gratia summa Dei :
Me ducas quicumque hodie sit cursus agendus,
Semita ceu vitae, ceu grave mortis iter.

Debilis, errorum plenus, mortalibus ortus,
Divina audaci ne velit arma manu
Tollere, et insanè fulmen jactare per orbem :
Nota manent solo corda inimica Deo.

TENNYSON'S "TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

Pax hodie, panisque, meum contingat in usum :

Caetera sub solis lumine nota Tibi.

An concessa magis noceant, prosintque negata :

Inque Voluntatem fiat ubique Tuam.

Quantum sit mundi spatium, Tibi, Maxime, templum :

Constituunt aras Terra, Mare, Aura, Tuas :

Laude Tuâ tollant animalia cuncta choream,

Surgat et in terris undique thuris odor.

London, 1874.

TRANSLATION OF

TENNYSON'S "TEARS, IDLE TEARS."



H ! lacrymae, mirum est, lacrymae quid vultis inanes,

Imo stillantes divini fonte furoris,

Corde meo natae, concussae ad lumina, surgunt :

Si modo felices oculis contemplar aristas,

Praeteritarum animo consurgit imago dierum.

Oscula cara velut memori post funera restant,

Vel quae suavia Amor labris depinxerit expes

Non sibi sorte frui licitis : ceu grata libido,

Prima libido animi, totoque profunda furore ;

O Morſ in vitâ sic surgit imago dierum !

Ceu primum, nitidumque, jubar per carbasa fulget,

Quae portant imis ex partibus orbis amicos.

Postremumque jubar, quod navem lustrat euntem,

Quae cum deliciis nostris subit aequora ponti :

Sic nitida et tristis consurgit imago dierum.

TRANSLATION OF A RIDDLE.

Ceu grave, mirandunque sonans, vox prima volucrum
Mane salutatum morientes assonat aures
Aestatis sub luce novâ, quae tentat ocellis
Per vitream tardè morientibus ire fenestram ;
Sic gravis, et miranda, resurgit imago dierum.

London, 1875.

TRANSLATION OF A RIDDLE :

"MY FIRST CONVEYS AN IRISH LASS."

DEVERHIT Hibernam Pars *Prima* ad festa puellam ;
Aurumque et gemmas saepe *Secunda* tenet :
Utuntur *Toto* gemmas aurumque tenentes :
Non eget Hibernâ pulchra puella casâ.

Answer: "CAR-MINE."

London, 1875.

TRANSLATION OF TENNYSON'S

"THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS."



CCIDUI splendor perlustrat moenia solis,
Et nivea antiquo pernota cacumina fastû :
Trans nitidum lux longa lacum fluitare videtur,
Et spumantis aquae cataracta volumina torquet.
Cornu sona ! sonitusque vagantes excitet auras !
Cornu sona ! "Moriens ! Moriens !" respondeat Echo !

Audin', oh ! audin', quam limpida claraque vox est,
Et nunc limpidior, nunc clarior, esse videtur :
Per montes, oh ! dulce procul, praeruptaque saxa
Buccina nunc resonat percallida silvicularum !
Cornu sona ! sonitusque vagantes excitet auras !
Cornu sona ! "Moriens ! Moriens !" respondeat Echo !

Ah ! mia cara, illo moriuntur divite coelo,
Paulatim et tenuem vanescit murmur in auram :
Nostra hominum mentes, et corda, reverberat Echo :
Protinus eternos vivit, crescitque, per annos.
Cornu sona ! sonitusque vagantes excitet auras !
Cornu sona ! "Moriens ! Moriens !" respondeat Echo !

London, 1875.

ITER AD CONGRESSUM ORIENTALEM APUD

PETROPOLIM, A.D. MDCCCLXXVI.

ANNUUS in solitum nos suscitatur ordo laborem :
Argentum, Libri, Poenula, Saccus, adest :
Nos novus invitat cursus, nova pascua : lingua
Nos nova : carpe diem : Terra paterna vale !
Omne felici nobis iter incipit : Aequor
Tranquillum : nullis piscibus esca datur.
Gallia nos recipit, gratissima Gallia, lingua
Jucundâ : longè ferrea rheda trahit
In Belgas : Sol Bruxelli prope moenia lucem
Condit, et in mediâ nocte cietur iter.
Terna alii Regum describent nomina, et ossa
Virginea in cistis, Undecimilla, tuis.
Nobilis Hamburgi nos tandem urbs accipit : Elbam
Transimus : multo membra calore madent.
Inde, Lubeck, celeres te visimus : inde recepit
Nos in contracto ferrea cymba sinu.
Nox teritur somno : prostrata cadavera mane
Cernimus : ingratus naribus adstat odor.
Vidimus è celsâ Danorum littora puppi :
Prima quies nobis tu, Copenhagen, eras.
Scandimus hic tures : per totam curritur urbem :
Miramur statuas, pocula, tela, libros :
Vestimenta Deae non sunt ! Vae nuda puella !
Quocunque aspicias, nil nisi nudus homo est !

Nec mora : sub noctem petimus loca clara, per Aurem¹

Quà cita Baltiaci defluit unda freti :

Mane novo Hamléti castella antiqua subimus :

Protinus accipiunt Gothica regna pedes.

Inde laborantes in nonam currimus horam :

Quocunque aspicias, sylva, lacusque, loco.

Dulcia Suedorum quò possum dicere versû ?

Cymba per aequoreas itque, reditque, vias.

Pulchri homines, et pulchrior Urbs, pulcherrima Virgo :

Miramur Regum signa, tropoea, domos.

Hinc per Hyperborei vehimur freta nave paratâ

Oceani, gremio non toleranda meo.

Nox placida, et somnus facilis : cito turbine pontus

Aestuat, et mediâ cymba laborat aquâ.

Insequitur clamorque virûm, stridorque rudentis :

Traditur indigno piscibus ore cibus.

Exagitatus, edax, passus graviora, carinam

Linquo libens : rupes osculor, Hango, tuas :

Finnica nos dulcis ripae conducit Imatrae,²

Quà sonat aeternus nocte, dièque, fragor.

O ! quam te memorem ! si centum vivitur annos,

Finnica Virgo, tui corde manebit amor !

Frons gracilis, roseaeque genae, niveique capilli,

Caeruleique oculi, foemineusque decor !

Russia, terrarum domitor, spoliator Eoi,

Illustrare fugax te mea Musa timet.

¹ Urbs Helsingor (Anglicè Elsinore) apud fretum
Oresund (Anglicè Sound), alias Aurem, sita.

² Imatra, locus in terrâ Finnicâ ob delapsam aquarum celeberrimus.

In centum linguis tibi dant maledicta, Tyranne ;
Aedibus in sacris mille tropaea nitent.
Te tuba terribilis, te ferrea machina mortis,
Ala ferox equitum te, peditumque cohors :
Te luctus, famesque, et mors violenta, sequuntur :
Te tenet in templis prava Superstitio.
Urbs praeclara tamen, Petri sub nomine, lautis
Nos recipit tectis : incipit inde labor.
Namque Professores, Doctores, atque Sophistae,
Indi, Semitici, Seres, et Assyrii,
Grammaticale pecus, congestio Pragmaticorum,
Conveniunt, uno gens aliena loco :
Themata, discursus, argumentatio, libri,
Signaque in egregios torta retorta modos :
Diversae voces, diversaque nomina : cultus
Diversus : varius sanguis, origo, color.
Hic Academiae claustris nutritur : at ille,
Quà rheda errantem convehit una domum.
Adsunt Gallorum, Germanorumque, phalanges,
Et Dani : lepidè lingua Latina sonat :
Namque " Gubernatis " ¹ Florenti ex urbe subivit,
Flos Italiae gentis, deliciae meae :
" Oppertusque " ² ferox, Teutonve an Gallicus anceps,
Ambobus bellum ferre paratus, adest :
Anglia quos mittit ? juvenumque senumque profusè
More vorat patrio, vociferatque, cohors.

¹ Angelo di Gubernatis in urbe Florentiâ Professor, doctissimus, amabilissimus.

² Julius Oppert, Assyrologus acutissimus, vivacissimus, bellicosissimus, apud Hamburgum natus, in Parisiis demorans.

Tu quoque, "Kerne,"¹ venis Batavorum gloria, cujus
Doctrina ingenio certat, et arte labor.
Prisca Javanorum tibi debent carmina vitam :
India te novit Proxima et Ulterior.
Addit se sociam, Doctisque supervenit, Anna,²
Pulchra satis, genio fertilis, arte, sale :
Foeminea argutâ nectens subtilia voce ;
Lucentes oculi vim Rationis habent :
Hanc incessatim Juvenesque, Senesque, frequentant :
Corda Professorum frigida mollit Amor.
Caesaris augustâ pransi regaliter aulâ
Congredimur : multo carpitur ore dies.
Occupat immensâ Germanus pulpita barbâ ;
Raucâ voce suam rem, digitoque, movet :
Respondet Gallus : " Si quae nova dicis, Amice,
Non vera ; et verum est quod, novitate caret."
Consurgunt alii : facit indignatio verba ;
Tinnitus tenui futilis aere sonat.
Surrident Angli et Batavi : regionis Eoae
Imperium est illis grande, *loquela* parum.
Tunc pietate gravis veniam, pacemque, requirit,
Felix, cui surgit plausus utrâque manu.
Praevalet at sermo Russus : comprehendere nemo
Audet : Gregorieff³ praesidet : aula silet.
Sic intestinis crescit Res Palladis armis,
Europaeque recens undique floret honos :

¹ Henricus Kern, apud Lugdunum Batavorum Professor, vir jucundissimus, utriusque Indiae sermonibus doctissimus.

² Puella Anglica, coeruleis calceis induta (vulgo blue-stocking), hujus Congressûs pars mihi non minima.

³ Basilius Gregorieff, Congressûs Praeses atque Proconsul.

Sic "redit a nobis Aurora, diemque reducit" :
Surgit et e fuscâ lux Oriente nova :
Secreta exponunt penetralia Seres, et Indi,
Cimmeriusque nigrans, Aethiopumque genus,
Sacrilegis cedunt violata cadavera chartas :
Urbium et antiquae defodiuntur opes.
Quae nunquam Graii, nunquam novêre Latini,
Cantitat, absorbens poma nucesque, puer.
Quaecunque obscuris recitârint carmina lucis
Gymnosophi, vel quae luxuriârnt Arabs,
Omnia nota patent : nam quid non vincere possit
Subtile ingenium, et nocte dieque labor ?
Hinc iter ad veteres ducit, Moscovia, sedes :
Volga superfusâ plena redundat aquâ :
Vidi ego, per totam mundi dum curritur orbem,
Multas Regum urbes, multaque templa Dei :.
Nulla tamen palmam te tollit : corde fideli
Tu, quasi Jerusalem, tu, quasi Roma, nites !
Salva mane, splendeque, novos visura triumphos,
Russia ! vicini dant tibi damna lucrum :
Nam malus e nostro latro sestertia sacco
Abstrahit : amissas ploro viator opes.
Quis fecit, quum, quo, quare, cur, quomodo, plane
Nescimus : notum est quod fuit, et quod abest.
Inde dies noctesque duas properamus ad Elbam,
Inque domum reduces ferrea cymba vehit :
Hic miser ovorum cophino male cautus operto
Insideo : pretium foemina laesa rogat :
Quid faciam ? facinus non est mihi lingua negare,
Et solido lapsûs damna rependo mei.

Musa sile, properaque domum, nam Mater Etona

Appellat natos in sua claustra suos :

Saevior hic regnat Russorum rege tyrannus.

Suavior hic Finnâ virgine "Dama" ¹ sedet :

Per campos, vallesque, et montes ivimus altos :

Sustulimus longae dulcia, acerba, viae :

Quid juvat, ah ! terras alio sub sole calentes

Visere, si Patriae pectore desit amor ?

Namque bonum externâ si sit, seu nobile, terrâ,

Est melius patrio, nobiliusque, solo,

Nulla meae finis terrae, nec meta laborum,

Dummodo vis animae, corporeusque vigor.

Omne quod Ars tulerit, quod conservaverit Aetas,

Quidquid agant homines, est ibi cura mea.


Apud Londinum,

Idis Novembri, MDCCCLXXVIII.

¹ "Dama," animal sexûs ancipitis, quod pueros gremio foveat, necnon suppliciis torquet.



EPIGRAM
ON THE EXCLUSION OF BRADLAUGH FROM
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

 CAN this be freedom, unless all are free ?
Oppressing others is not Liberty.
Religion dwells in each man's secret breast :
The God of Heaven dwells not in a Test.
Be free yourself ; let others be so too :
This is real Freedom ; this Religion true.

London, January, 1880.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Quid sit Libertas ? aliis imponere vincla :
Conservativi sic voluêre viri.
Quid sit Religio ? victis edicere Verum :
Conservativi sic voluêre viri.
Libera Religio sit, liberiorque Senatus :
Haec mea Libertas ; hæc mea Religio.

London, January, 1880.

REPLY TO A LATIN ODE FROM A FRIEND.

QUAS agam tanto tibi pro favore
Gratias? Te semper amet Camoena,
Callidus dum fons elegantiarum
Surgit in ore.
Et super sacri tumulum poetae
Suscitet planctus Philomela, corde
Quos meo pulsata reverberat fi-
-deliter Echo.

1887; in the railway train.

TRANSLATION FROM AN ITALIAN SONG:
"UNA LANTERNA NON PUO DAR DUE LUME."

LANTERNA bina non tenebit lumina,
Et, si teneret, non forent lucentia :
Fontana bina non creabit flumina,
Et, si creârit, non forent fluentia :
Duos amantes non tenebit foemina,
Et, si teneret, non foret concordia :
Unum teneto : da altero licentiam,
Si sors iniqua sit mihi, Patientia !

Italy, 1887; in the train.

ODE ON EXILE.

QUÔ fîdeli de cruce pendulorum
Martyrum sensus cruciantur, atrum
Exules talem patiuntur atrum
Corde dolorem.
Unda de ponto separata valles
Irrigat collesque : ruit viatrix
Turbida, aut captiva jacet profundo
Carcere fontis :
Murmurat semper : gemit usque, luctans
Ire nativum mare, quô vagantes
Traxit humores, ibi quaeret inve-
-nire quietem.

Italy, November 1, 1887; in the train.

EXETER HALL, MAY 1, 1888.

C.M.S., OR "CHRIST MY SALVATION."

THROUGH the high windows flows a flood of light,
Telling of coming Spring, and present May;
Before the doors roll on both day and night
Laborious London's pitiless array:
Withdrawn from worldly work for one brief day
The spacious Hall can scarcely room afford
(While on the sounding organ loud they play),
For men and women met with one accord
On this their annual feast to praise their Lord.

Each feels a portion of the holy flame:
Why was our country made so great and strong?
Why does our genius Savage races tame?
Why do the ends of earth to us belong?
Why do all Nations to this city throng?
Why does the great Controller bless our store,
And deign our worldwide Empire to prolong,
But to enforce our duty more and more,
To spread our Saviour's rule from shore to shore?

Up to the ceiling rise the hymns of praise:
A holy Text is read: in prayer we kneel:
Upstanding one by one, with skilful phrase
In turn the speakers our attention steal,
With thrilling tones, and words, that make us feel,

The grandeur of the subject : our hearts glow
With love and pity in their varying phase :
In sweet alternatings of Joy and Woe
Our thoughts fly "Up on high," and "Down below."

"Down Below."

"Down below" we see the brave men toiling,
Bearing th' unsuffered sufferings of their Lord :
From no hard trial in weak fear recoiling,
Trusting to no flesh-arm, or human sword,
But to th' Eternal changeless Promise-Word.
Some have come home our sympathies to share,
Their plain, unvarnished story to record.
Some have remained for ever, where they were :
Christ on the Cross looked down upon them there.

Round them new germs of Christian life are springing,
New possibilities of human love :
In humble chapels Sabbath-bells are ringing,
And swarthy white-robed pastors gently move
Amidst their flocks to tell of Christ above.
Its giant fronds still waves the Palm on high ;
The glorious sunsets still illumine the grove :
All is unchanged in Nature's sea and sky ;
The hearts of Man have changed mysteriously.

Upraised on high the ensign of the Cross,
While the stone-idol from its shrine is thrown :
The Savage man for Christ counts all things loss :
No longer hideous rites and crimes are known,
Since to his heart the holier path is shown :

By his side walk his children, and his wife,
Who meekly shares his labours, his alone :
Joys of the present, hopes of future life,
Blot out the memory of forgotten strife.

“ Up Above.”

“ Up above ” the roof and walls seem falling,
And Christ’s great promise to us is fulfilling :
He will be with His children at their calling ;
His presence now this crowded Hall is filling ;
Jesus is here, all fear and doubtings stilling :
His power supports, His mercies never fail :
He sees His Servants gathered here are willing
Humbly to do His work, though weak and frail :
Rise up, rise up, the Risen Lord to hail !

As the scene clears for Human eye to view,
We see the Saints and Angels round His throne ;
The holy Martyrs, and Confessors too :
We recognize some dear ones, as our own,
Our own lost friends, not lost, before us gone ;
Our brothers and our sisters, firm and bold,
Who counted life dear but to lay it down,
His service and His honour to uphold,
And bring back erring sinners to His fold.

And they look down on us with solemn greeting,
Bidding us cleave to the same Gospel true,
And looking forward to a heavenly meeting,
To be with Christ, when all is made anew.
Oh ! come, ye doubting ones, with me, and view

EXETER HALL, MAY 1, 1888.

The low straw hut, where Saints their labours close
Midst tears and prayers of men of dusky hue,
For whom Christ died, for whom again He rose :
Let the kind Shepherd's arms His wandering lambs enclose !

Words uttered here fall on the page below,
And are recorded by a faithful hand :
Then through the trumpet-sounding Press they blow
Over the length and breadth of British Land,
Telling the triumphs of Immanuel's band,
Making the hearts of faithful men to glow.
The morn is breaking at His high command,
And streaks of blessed light begin to show
The coming of the reign of Christ below.

Is not this day the sweetest of the year ?
Spared are we still to see another May.
Is it not well for us to gather here,
And, counting up our failings, homage pay
To Him, who has accepted us this day
According to our will, not to our powers ?
For what have we to offer, but what may
Spring from His gift, wealth, talents, labouring hours ?
Thine be the glory, Lord ! the blessing still be ours !

London, Exeter Hall, May 1, 1888
(in my old seat).

TRANSLATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM:

“ Εἰ τοῖς μεθυσκομένοις.”

IF the hard drinker on the previous night
Felt his head aching with prophetic pain,
How many a sot would from his foul delight
Perforce abstain !


But ah ! alas ! we, while our pleasures last,
Drink to the dregs our cup of foolish joy,
And then complain, if vengeance following fast
Our bliss alloy.

London, January, 1889.



FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG PFROEPFER
OF RATISBON.

“ Mädchen ! traue nicht den goldenen locken.”

 AIDEN ! trust thou not the locks of gold,
Which proudly circle round thy youthful brow :
Winter will come, and will the earth enfold
In icy snow.


Maiden ! trust thou not the cheeks of rose,
Nor the glad splendour of thy sparkling eyes :
Under the chilling storm of coming woes
Youth's garland dies.

One thing alone is worth thy life to keep,
The self-respect, which modest Virtue gives :
Beauty will some day fall on endless sleep ;
But Goodness lives.

*Written to please the Author, our kind friend,
in my wife's sick-room at the Goldener
Kreuz, Ratisbon, October, 1889.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG PFROEPFER
OF RATISBON.

“ *Unser Weinen.* ”

UR life is earnest ; grief our constant guest ;
And without sorrow none their watch are keeping :
The newborn infant at its mother's breast
Gives its first welcome to the world in Weeping.

The maiden, who in virgin sweetness blows,
No ornament of gold, or jewels, needing,
Her inmost soul, while quietly she grows,
With still desires, and secret tears, is feeding.


Knowest thou the stream, with silent strength that flows
In hearts, which one eternal link is binding ?
The soil, from which Love's freshest flowerets grow,
Watered with tears its sweetest fruit is finding.

The strong man, who in fortune's bitter strife
Sees o'er his starless sky the dark clouds spreading,
When disillusion stir his inner life,
And sinks his arm of strength, a tear is shedding.

In the last mortal pang the pulse grows weak :
Gives his last fond embrace the father dying :
The tongue is silent, but the moistened cheek
Tells us, that Nature's closing act is Crying.

*Written to please the Author, our kind friend,
in my wife's sick-room at the Goldener
Kreuz, Ratisbon, October, 1889.*

TRANSLATION OF
"QUOI! VOUS PARLEZ DES CHEVEUX
BLANCS."—ANON.

UID tibi refert niveis capellis !
Ecce mortales numerantur anni,
Sed tibi cursu nihil in diurno
Dant, adimuntque.

Vere Amor semper viget in perenni :
Gratiae formis variis fruuntur :
More et infantis tenerescit usque
Pectus amantis.

Quum tuum limen, mea lux, adivi,
Et tibi antiquam repeto favellam,
Priscus exactae juvenescit aestus
Membra juventae.

Si meo restet puerilis ardor
Corpori et cordi, tibi nunc amorem
Vis foret praestare diutius, sed
Non meliorem.

London, 1889.

*TRANSLATION OF
TENNYSON'S "CROSSING THE BAR."*

SOLIS occasus, tenuisque Vesper :
Me vocat vox clara repente : turbet
Ultimam ne fletus inutilis lu-
-gubriter horam !

Murmure et spumâ sine, nunc aquarum
Ambiens circum vaga plenitudo
Me sub immensum maris aestuantis
Portet abyssum !

Hesperî tintinnat inanis Echo :
Nox subit posthâc tenebrosa : nulla
Me tamen caros abeunte vultus
Lacryma foedet !

Terminos ultra spatii, et dierum,
Devehor ! spes restat, ut ipse coram
Stet gubernator meus exeuntis
Puppis in arce !

London, December, 1890.

*TRANSLATION OF LATIN LINES FOUND IN
THE STUDY OF DR. WORDSWORTH, BISHOP
OF LINCOLN.*

HAVE¹ faith in God : unceasing² pray : from all transgressions³ fly :
Be humble⁴ : love and strive⁵ for peace : great things⁶ thyself deny :
Hear⁷ much : say little⁸ : counsel⁹ keep : to lowly ones¹⁰ be kind :
Thy¹¹ betters honour : friends' reproof¹² receive with ready mind :
Thy¹³ duties do : nor put them off¹⁴ : to poor men's¹⁵ prayers attend :
Keep¹⁶ promises : to suffer¹⁷ learn : think of thy latter end¹⁸.

London, 1890.

Additional Precepts added to the above by the Translator.

BE bold¹ in your convictions : your neighbours² ne'er deceive :
Love³ enemies : do good⁴ for ill : all injuries⁵ forgive :
Help sinners⁶ to recover : your own will⁷ sacrifice :
Let Christ be with you always⁸ : and no one's gifts⁹ despise.

London, 1890.

*TRANSLATION OF
"OF WHAT IS THE OLD MAN THINKING?"*

(ANON.)

TURBAT dulce melos mentis magicâ arte quietem,
Suffusaeque nitent rore madente genae :
Praeteritarum animo succurrit imago dierum,
Caraque amicorum, qui periêre, cohors.

November 8, 1891.

DIES INUTILIS. (A Wasted Day.)



F all the griefs, that fall to man,
I do not know a heavier than
The thought, when I kneel down to pray :
I've spent a useless day.

I do not find, that I have done
A deed, which might God's praise have won,
Or paid the debt I ought to pay :
I've spent a useless day.

I do not find, that I have said
A word of comfort, or have shed
A light on some one's weary way :
I've spent a useless day.

I do not find, that I have tried
To help a brother by my side,
Or drive his heavier cares away :
I've spent a useless day.

Oh ! that the blood once shed by Thee
My soul from this offence may free :
Lord Jesus, may Thou be my stay
In Thy great Judgment-Day !

November 8, 1891.

TRANSLATION OF
“HIS LIFE WAS ONE GREAT BATTLE WITH
OLD TIME.”—ANON.

ILLIUS incessanter erat cum Tempore pugna :
De primâ in mediam, nocturnam denique in horam
Pugna eterna fuit, magnorum uti pugna virorum :
Lapsus et auricomae tetigit de luce Juventae
Canitie tempus foedum rugisque virile :
Nullam nec pugnâ cognoverat ille quietem :
Protinus ante diem surrepsit acerba Senectus :
Luctifero in lecto sua multo fracta dolore
Deposuit membra, exustusque labore susurra :
“Laus Tibi sit, Domine, et liceat dormire quietè.”

London, 1892.



TRANSLATION OF
"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY
MAID?"—ANON.

DIC mihi, quo vadis, mea pulchra puella?—" Magister,
Quo praebent vaccae munera lactis," ait.
" An vadam tecum, mea pulchra puella?—" Magister,
Si placeat mecum vadere, vadis," ait.
" Quis tibi sit genitor, mea pulchra puella?—" Magister,
Occupat haec genitor jugera ruris," ait.
" Quanta tibi dos sit, mea pulchra puella?—" Magister,
Pulchra mihi facies in vice dotis," ait.
" Non volo te sponsam, mea pulchra puella."—" Magister,
Quis te pro sponso sollicitavit? " ait.

London, 1892.


TRANSLATION OF
"TELL ME WHY IS CHLOE'S FACE?"—ANON.

IN fronte pallidae Chloes
Cur usque regnat lilium?
Migravit absens nam rosa
Ornare nasum conjugis.

1892.

HYMN FOR BIBLE-SOCIETY-MEETINGS.

"Workers with Thee" (II COR., vi, 1).

O us the message came :
But, Lord, to Thy great name,
All glory be !
The work is Thine, not ours :
Thy Grace falls down in showers :
We only lend our powers,
Working with Thee !

We thanks to Thee record
For those, who serve the Lord
So faithfully ;
Ever on Angel's wing
The Word of God to bring
To sin and suffering,
Working with Thee !

Thy Holy Spirit then
Began to dwell with Men,
Mean though they be,
To touch their lips with fire
To sweep the sacred lyre,
And holy thoughts inspire,
Working with Thee !

HYMN FOR BIBLE-SOCIETY-MEETINGS.

And those, to whom the gift
Of Tongues is granted, lift
 Their Souls to Thee,
Rendering God's Holy Word
Into a new accord
Of sounds before ne'er heard,
 Working with Thee !

Thy Grace then sanctifies
Art, which the printer plies
 So skilfully :
Parts working out the whole,
While paper-reams unroll
Volumes to heal the Soul,
 Working with Thee !

The stately ships unfold
Their sails : from deck to hold
 One pearl we see :
The Word of God now shown
In every Language known
To man from Zone to Zone,
 Working with Thee !

Out cries the Colporteur,
The man well-known '*sans peur*,'
 "Give them to me !"
With Bibles on his back,
He stumps his ceaseless track ;
No blessings can he lack,
 Working with Thee !

HYMN FOR BIBLE-SOCIETY-MEETINGS.

The Harem-door opes wide,
The Bible-women glide
 In with step free,
A welcome there to find,
To heal the sick and blind,
To light the darkened mind,
 Working with Thee !

One ship lies in a calm
By Islands fringed with palm,
 Isles of the Sea :
The dusky natives bring
Their free-will offering,
And ask *one only thing*,
 Working with Thee !

To us these days fulfil
The Patmos-vision : still
 We Angels see
Bearing th' Eternal Scroll,
A message to the Soul
Of Man from Pole to Pole,
 Working with Thee !

And, when before Thy Throne,
Trusting in Thee alone,
 We all shall be,
May some of us appear,
Lending a humble ear
Thy blessed words to hear,
 “ You worked with Me.”

Exeter Hall, May 4, 1892.

TRANSLATION OF
DENHAM'S "OH, MAY I FLOW LIKE THEE!"

SIT mea Musa tibi similis, cursusque Poetae
Praebeat exemplum, et nobile thema, tuus !
Molliter unda fluens, fontes perlucida ad imos,
Plena inter ripas, larga, furore carens.

London, 1892.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH SONG :

"Parallèles de deux Sœurs."—ANON.

ISEE in both of you
Sweet sparkling eyes of blue :
This is your resemblance.
One seeks to rule the hour ;
The other hides her power :
This is your difference.

From both of you Love's dart
Wounds many a tender heart :
This is your resemblance.
One loves to see them die ;
The other lets them fly :
This is your difference.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH SONG.

Both of you in your turn
With Love's true flame will burn :
 This is your resemblance.
Wild Passion one will bless ;
The other Tenderness :
 This is your difference.

Many a true heart woes,
You have a right to choose :
 This is your resemblance.
One tries to forfeit none ;
The other seeks but one :
 This is your difference.

Of both the chosen swain
Will joyful long remain :
 This is your resemblance.
One constant change excites ;
The other calm delights :
 This is your difference.

Both of you can enjoy
Each fresh, each fleeting joy :
 This is your resemblance.
The one to swallow hastes ;
The other calmly tastes :
 This is your difference.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH SONG.

Both of you may live
Happiness to give :
 This is your resemblance.
One plays the lover's part ;
One keeps a husband's heart :
 This is your difference.

I could be happy too
To live with both of you :
 This is your resemblance.
With one for a few days ;
With the other for always :
 This is your difference.

London, March 24, 1893.



TRANSLATION OF COWPER'S
"OH FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD!"

SIT mihi cursus proprius Jehovae :
Mens mihi secure sit, et serena :
Semitâ Lux splendida, quae fideles
Ducit ad Agnum.

Quô prius novi Dominum, beati
Temporis vano meminisse luctû
Quam pudet, cum mens revirente Jesi
Rore madebat !

Pristinae quô sint mihi pacis horae,
Quas juvat jam nunc meminisse ? nulla
Cordis implebit vacuae lacunam
Senior aetas.

O ! redi, Divina redi Columba !
Nuntia es pacis : procul, O ! scelestum,
Quod Tibi luctum peperit, meoque
Corde fugavit.

Quae mihi dulcissima sint amoris
Pignora, O ! nunc sub solium Jehovae
Me juva jactare, et amare nullum
Te nisi solum.

Sic erit cursus proprius Jehovae,
Mens serena et conscia : puriore
Luce fulgebit via, quae fideles
Ducit ad Agnum.

London, 1893.

TRANSLATION OF HAINES BAILEY'S

"THE WREATH OF WHITE ROSES."

FINIS erat festis, et turba recessit amica,
Sed sedit in lacrymis unica sola soror.
Occidit albarum de fronte corona rosarum,
Nuptae cara comes icta dolore gemit.


Cum risu, et laeto Nuptam decoraverat ore ;
Deduxit thalamo dextra sororis amans :
Scit bene victuras unâ non amplius illas ;
Dixerat imponens basia mille, Vale.

Non voluit festum luctû turbare sororis,
Ne patriâ lugens exeat illa domû :
Tympana clara sonant. Nuptam contemplet euntem ;
Non celare magis cordis acerba potest.

Gaudia praeteritae memorat, curasque, Juventae,
Semper erat dulcis quâ sociata comes :
Occidit albarum de fronte corona rosarum,
Et desolato corde puella gemit.

London, 1893.

*PREFACE TO MY VOLUME ON
"THE FEATURES WHICH APPEAR IN ALL
RELIGIONS," 1895.*

ND now my Summer-task is ended. Roll
Up all my papers, and my volumes close :
From parts divergent I have sought a whole,
Complete and perfect, as before me rose
The variant Message, which from Heaven's abode
Came down to Earth to lead poor man to God.

Each Message but reveals th' unchanging plan
Of Love and Kindness to poor Humankind,
And like a sunflower turns the heart of man,
Groping through darkness his Soul's sun to find :
No cavern is so dark, but through the night
One ray streams in of God's eternal light.

As his forefathers did in Abraham's time,
Still by the stream the Brahmin chants his prayers :
The Buddhist asks for nothing, but sublime
Emancipation from Life's dreary cares.
Oh ! could no Angel Earth's hard path have trod
To whisper in his ear : "There is a God !"

FEATURES OF ALL RELIGIONS.

Can we believe, that all-embracing Grace,
Which o'er Creation's waters used to glide,
Chose out one puny, graceless, Jewish race,
And shut the gates of Hope on all beside :
Let them indulge their passions and their crimes,
And raise up trophies to outlive all times.

Buddha, Confucius, Plato, Socrates,
Left Words of gold, which no age can destroy ;
They please, when all things else have ceased to please :
But of those holy men how great the joy,
Had Christ's great Message by their Soul been heard ;
If one still voice their inward heart had stirred !

"Call nothing common and unclean" applies
Not to the Future only, but the Past :
To one He gives, to others He denies :
According to His will man's lot is cast :
He will not reap, where He has never sown,
Or claim obedience, where He is not known.

Full many a heathen lived out holy days,
Died for his altar, for his country strove ;
Spake hymns Heaven-prompted, full of prayer and praise,
And words of Wisdom, Piety, and Love.
Fell not Thy shadow, Lord ! on those behind,
When on the Cross Thou suffered for Mankind ?

Poor little children die, who knew no spot,
Unconscious of their life, and undefiled :
Can we suppose, that torture is their lot ?
Were not the heathen races like a child ?
Salvation is the goal of Heaven's great plan,
And justifies the ways of God to man.

FEATURES OF ALL RELIGIONS.

I hope through Him, who has the power to save,
To be with Christ, which is far better—far.
To those, to whom the Holy Spirit gave
To speak like Christ, oh ! can there be a bar !
For Socrates and Buddha if there be
No place in Heaven, what place, alas ! for me ?

Let us adore Thee in Thy fulness, Lord,
With the Creator on Creation's day,
When Thou rejoiced with Him in full accord,
And Morning-stars commenced their joyous way :
And when on Calvary's mount the palm was won,
All was completed, and God's purpose done.

Eastbourne, September 26, 1893.



TOLERANCE.

(A TALE FROM THE PERSIAN.)

A BRAHAM was seated just outside his tent,
Expecting friends, on social cheer intent :
Before his eyes an ancient man appears,
Weighed down with burden of long miles, and years :
Abraham in Oriental fashion rose,
Begged him to be his guest, and take repose.
In courteous conversation passed the meal,
And each for each respect began to feel :
But, when the servants cleared away the board,
Abraham stood up alone, and thanked the Lord.
And those, who sat at meat, with reverent air
Echoed his thanks, then closed their eyes in prayer ;
Except the stranger, who with look benign
Looked round upon them all, and made no sign.
Abraham rebuked him. “ Art thou silent, when
We thank our God for His good gifts to men ? ”
The stranger quietly replied, that he
Except the “ Fire ” knew no Divinity.
Exceeding anger Abraham’s bosom tore :
He rose to drive the stranger from his door ;
When a celestial light made him aware,
That a high Messenger of God stood there,
Who calmly spoke. “ Abraham, thy God appears
“ To grant this man a life of ninety years.

TOLERANCE.

“ Him has He fed with oil, and wine, and corn ;
“ And given him children’s children to be born :
“ If God, who knows each heart, restrains His ire,
“ Because His creatures stoop to worship Fire,
“ Are you to drive this man from your abode,
“ And be less merciful to him than God ?

“ Listen, while I expound the ceaseless Grace
“ Of God’s high dealings with the Human race :
“ ’T is not the symbol, creed, or form of prayer,
“ Which Man’s relation to his God declare :
“ He reads the heart : full many a Saint has trod
“ This earth, nor once pronounced the name of God.
“ A God impersonal can thee inspire :
“ He in his ignorance sees God in Fire.
“ Others with simple and untutored minds
“ See God in clouds, and hear Him in the winds :
“ Some to the Heavenly Host their homage pay :
“ Some, grovelling lower, bow to gods of clay.
“ To each of His poor children God gives rest :
“ Many the Soul, which Love of God has blest.
“ The heart of Man for his Creator burns,
“ Just as the Sunflower to the Sunbeam turns.
“ To some God sends His Revelation’s light,
“ And yet leaves Millions in darkest night :
“ He claims no homage, where He is not known ;
“ He will not reap, where He has never sown.
“ Darest thou dispute His Wisdom or His Might ?
“ Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right ?
“ Ask thou the Heathen, whose beclouded sense
“ Scarce knows ’twixt Death and Life the difference :

TOLERANCE.

“ ‘ Who makes the beauteous fruit on trees to grow ;
“ ‘ Piles up the hills ; lets conquering rivers flow ;
“ ‘ Sends rain in season ; fills the fields with corn ;
“ ‘ Lets cattle multiply ; and babes be born ? ’
“ Will he not bow the head and point to Heaven ,
“ Feel for the Hand, by which all is given ?
“ Millions on Millions pass away unhealed,
“ Because God never has Himself revealed.
“ The Knowledge of His Truth Man has not known,
“ Because no Prophet has that Knowledge shown :
“ And if, till Time be full, His Will He veils,
“ Where is the sin, if Man in duty fails ?
“ If thy rash anger more restrained had been,
“ This aged man his error might have seen :
“ For Faith may fail, and Hope itself remove ;
“ Poor Human hearts are won by conquering Love.

“ Abraham, look down the vale of woe, and tears,
“ Through which thy children must pass many years ;
“ Thou wilt descry worked-out a wondrous plan,
“ Thy Lord, thy God, disguised in form of Man.
“ Rejoice, that thou far off hast seen His day :
“ Be still and silent : turn thee in and pray :
“ Pray that, their errors and their blindness past,
“ All God’s poor children may find God at last.”


London, December 31, 1893.

*TRANSLATION OF LINES
DESCRIBING PARTING OF A BOY ON HIS
RETURN TO SCHOOL.*

DESILIT in rhedam : socium circumstetit agmen,
Dum lacrymis oculos imbuit aura meos :
Visa mihi pueri, sacrum quasi numen, imago :
Aureolo petasus cingit honore comas :
Scintillam exigui volui depromere amoris,
Anne suam matrem linquere, meque, piget ?
Ille premens humeris saccum, baculumque fidele,
Quaerit, cur rhedae sit mora tanta suae.
Non fuit in caros perfrigidus ille parentes,
Illius haud nobis cor sine amore fuit :
Antiquas Ego res penso : vult ille recentes :
Prisca recordo senex : ille futura videt.

Eastbourne, August 9, 1893.

TRANSLATION OF
LYTE'S "ABIDE WITH ME."

ECUM, Christe, mora : concludit Vesperis hora
Totam urbem tenebris : nostram requiesce sub
aedem :

Spes omnes periêre : alii perduntur amici :
Oh ! inopum Auxilium, mea sint solatia Tecum !

Nunc celer ad finem properat lux ultima vitae :
Gaudia praetereunt, et gloria vana videtur :
Quocunque aspiciam, nihil immutabile cerno :
Tu precor, oh, qui semper idem es, mea tecta frequenta !

Me super in primo risisti flore Juventae,
Neglexitque Tuam vocem mea prava voluntas :
Saepe ego Te liqui, novi tamen usque propinquum :
Oh ! usque ad finem Tu sis mihi, Christe, sodalis !

Non brevis aspectus, precor, aut fugientia verba,
Ast ut Apostolico Tibi mos convivere caetu ;
Ore recognoscens socios, jucundus amicis,
Non semel, at multos nobiscum vive per annos !

"ABIDE WITH ME."

Non uti Rex regum, cinctus terroribus adsis :
Sed bonus altricique gerens solatia pennâ :
In luctu solator, et in peccamine mitis,
Oh ! peccatorum sic mecum vivito amice !

Te sine tentatori obsistere nulla potestas,
Auxiliumque Tuum rogitatur in omnibus horis :
Te sine quis misero comes, adjutorque, paratus ?
Ridenti sole, aut tenebrosis nubibus adsis.

Hostem non timeo, cum tu "Benedicite" clamas,
Cor placidum nunquam mala sors, lacrymaeque, lacescant :
Quo dolor est mortis ? tua quae victoria, Tumba ?
Si prope me restas, mihi adest in morte triumphus.

Ante oculos Tua Crux claudentes morte feretur :
Per tenebras splendens demonstret Lux Tua coelum :
Lux nitida Aurorae terrestres discutit umbras :
In morte et vitâ mihi semper Tu comes adsis !

Eastbourne, 1895.

TRANSLATION OF
LONGFELLOW'S "THE BRIDGE."

IN nocte mediâ solus in pontem steti,
Dumque hora tympano sonat,
Per moenia urbis luna surgebat, domûs
Sanctae tenebris libera.

Sublucidam ejus pervidens imaginem
Claro refulgentem vado,
Mirabar, aureum ceu poculum cadens
Ponti sub ima marmora.

In ligneis, longisque, pontis arcubus,
Stat moles umbrarum nigra,
Quae turbidis agitata fluctibus maris
Ire, et redire, visa sit.

Ut spumeae vicissim pontis in pilis
Ex aequore irruunt aquae,
Sic excitata corde surgebat meo
Memoria plena luctibus.

LONGFELLOW'S "THE BRIDGE."

Quot tempora ego, qualibusque sortibus,
Exacta quae quondam est, diê,
In nocte mediâ solus in pontem steti
Spectans aquas et aethera !

Sperans aquarum fluctibus ferri meum
Cadaver Oceano citò,
Nam corde caldo nulla regnavit quies,
Et plena erat curâ dies.
Dorsoque quantum imponitur pondus meo
Plus viribus fuit meis.

Nunc pondus autem decidens dorso meo
Sub aequoris fluctus jacet,
Et umbra, si quae me super restet, venit
Ab exteris doloribus.

Quot tempora sed fortasse percurram pede
Hunc ligneis pontem pilis,
Tristis peracta subvenit dies, velut
Odor marinus ex aquâ.

Noctes, diesque, qualis infelix cohors,
Curis malignis obruta,
Onus dolorum quisque comportans suum,
Hoc ponte transit hac aquas.

In somniis semper misera processio
Ibit, redibit, invicem :
Perfervidis calens Juventus sensibus,
Et corde frigidus Senex.

LONGFELLOW'S "THE BRIDGE."

Sic in dierum sempiterna secula,
Dum flumen in Pontum cadit,
Torquetur humanumque cor amoribus,
Et regnat in vitâ dolor,


Splendore et umbris usque sic circumdata
Luna apparebit in polo,
Coeleste Amoris symbolum nitens uti, et
Terris imago fluctuans.

London, November, 1895.



TRANSLATION OF WATTS'

"THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT."

 AUDIO puro patet una tellus,
Quâ'pii vivunt: ibi luce clarâ
Nox venit nunquam, lacerantque nulla
Corda dolores.

Ver at aeternum dominatur illic:
Floreae marcent ibi non coronae:
Sedibus nostris tenuis sepulcri
Dividit unda.

Dissipa vanas dubitationes,
Quae sinu surgant nimis infideli:
Cerne dilectam proprio cordis
Lumine terram.

Detur hic visus propriis ocellis,
Non aquae possit vaga plenitudo,
Mortis aut tactus, cohibere gressus
Littore caro.

London, Christmas, 1895:

TRANSLATION OF
LONGFELLOW'S "RESIGNATION."

GREX nulla, quantum fida sit custodia,
At unus agnus mortuus,
Et nulla plena sit licet curâ domus :
Unum sedile sed vacat.

Repletur aura personantibus "Vale,"
Et luctubus maerentium :
Et cor Rachélis prolis amissae suae
Non invenit solatium.

Sors dura, sed pati discamus : hic gravis
Non surgit e terris dolor :
Nam saepe coelo decidens benedictio
Hâc veste nigrâ conditur.

Aegrè per aetheris vapores vidimus
Inter tenebras noxias,
Et quae videntur esse mortis indices,
Erint beatæ lampades.

Mors nulla nobis, sed beatus transitus :
Hæc vita nam mortalium
Quietis in perennis inducit domum,
Cui porta Mors vocabitur.

LONGFELLOW'S "RESIGNATION."

Non est mei perempta amoris filia,
Sed illam abivit in scholam,
Quâ non parentis egebit auxilli magis,
Et ipse Christus imperat.

Magnâ, quietâ, vivit et solâ domû
Ducta Angelis custodibus,
Libera periclis, et criminum contagio,
Quam nos putamus mortuam.

Semper mihi succurrit : " ea quid nunc agat
In lucidis coeli plagis ? "
Annos per annos illius sequor pedes :
Ecce ! exit illa pulchrior !

Illi cohaeret anima patris usque, sanguinis
Intacta servans foedera,
Illique, credo, forte succurrat mei
Memoria quô vivat loco.

Ah ! non puella rursus ea videbitur ;
Nam quando amore percitus
Ardente sobolem rursus amplectar meum,
Puella non erit magis.

At pulchra virgo Patris in domo sui,
Favore coelesti nitens,
Atque, ore mentis pulchrius monstrans decus,
Apparet in visus meos.

LONGFELLOW'S "RESIGNATION."

Vitae refervent intimae fibrae licet
Angore compresso diu,
Ponti gementis luctus, et cordis mei
Tranquillus esse non potest :

Jugum pati discamus, et doloribus
Tempus dabit solatium,
Silemus, et sic corde sopiri potest
Immensus irruens dolor.

London, 1895.



TRANSLATION OF MRS. CHARLES HOBART'S
"THE CHANGED CROSS."

FRISTITIAE mihi tempus erat, quamvisque volenti
Ex animo novi meliorem sumere partem,
Lassus eram tandem longae certamine pugnae,
Et vitae disciplinâ, quam ferre necesse est.

Dumque haec in solâ discrimina mente revolvam,
Pignora quae data sint fidei, et testamina amoris,
Non ausim sperare, mihi sit Gratia talis,
Fidus in extremum ut maneam, veraxque, dierum.

Atque Potestati Divinae credere nolens,
Quae dicit, "Fidei, non Visûs, semita ducat":
Insano dubitavi animo: spes perditur omnis:
Et timui non posse Crucis tolerare laborem.

Durior, oh! multum visa est, Cruce durior istâ,
Quam subeunt alii laetè, portantque volentes!
O mutare Crucem si sit concessa potestas,
Perdere non metuam sub vitae fine coronam.

Regnabat terrâ sollemne silentium in omni,
Naturaeque vagae voces, mundique, tacebant:
Hesperus adveniens pacem suadere videtur,
Atque fatigata inveniunt mea membra soporem.

Apparet subito coelestis lucis imago
Pennarum angelico sonitu levis aura susurrat :
Pulchrior, O ! cunctis mihi murmurat Unus in aures,
" Me sequere indubius : coelorum Ego Semita " : dixit.

Talia dum dicit, me templum duxit in altum,
Quô tendebatur mirabilis arcus Amoris ;
Pondere mille Cruces illic, variaequae figurâ :
Haec levior visa est nostrâ Cruce, durior illa.

Illic una fuit Crux, O ! pulcherrima visu,
Parvula, gemmarum nodis, et fictilis auro ;
Mente subit mihi quam laetè haec portabilis esset,
Nam facilè hanc portare Crucem mihi plena potestas.

Arripui parvam : conatu membra tremebant,
Et mihi deficiunt illam sustollere vires :
Lucida gemmarum pulchrè scintilla nitebat ;
Heu pondus nostro majus, graviusque, vigore.

" Non mihi convenit haec," dixi : tunc lumine tristi
Caetera lustravi durum sopire dolorem :
Unam, tunc aliam, cautis mirabar ocellis :
Pulchrior Ecce aliis vincolo mea corda tenebat !

Nam flores varii sculptam vinxêre figuram,
Atque unita modis variis elegantia formae.
Percitus admiror : magis hoc mirabile visum est,
Millia cur talem non arripuêre coronam.

" THE CHANGED CROSS."

Forma sed illa mihi, quae tantum pulchra videtur,
Incipit abstrusos cito demonstrare dolores :
Sub florum pulchros spinae latuère colores.
Viribus, ah ! nostris non est Crux illa ferenda !

Omnibus haec mala sors fuit, haec odiosa potestas :
Conueniensque meis non Crux fuit ulla diebus :
Singula deposui lacrymans : vox tristis in aures
Insonuit : " Si non sit Crux, tibi nulla corona."

Tunc sursum Tibi, Salvator, mea corda levavi :
" Noti mortales Tibi sunt, O Christe, dolores !"
" Tolle metum, fili ! mihi nunc fiducia detur,
Et perfectus Amor nunc demonstrabitur," inquit :

Illuxère oculi divinâ luce : volebat
Mens, quodcunque foret, mortale attollere pondus :
Passibus accelerans, dextram vitansque sinistram,
" Sit bona, sit mala Crux " magis haud mihi quaerere cura.

Semita me, Domino selecta, parataque, duxit,
Jussa sua audire, audita facessere promptum :
Invenique Crucem, sine pulchrâ deinde figurâ,
Quâ Dominus teneri bona verba inscripsit amoris.

Ex reliquis illam grato cum corde levavi,
Laetaeque e totis apparuit optima menti,
Undique permultae jaciunt, ast unica sola
Haec mihi Crux humeris dulcis portare videtur.

" *THE CHANGED CROSS.*"

Dumque ego selectam incepti laudare novellam,
Lux coelestis eam radiis perluxit amicis :
Cum genua in terris pondus componere flexi,
Ecce ! meum antiquum cognovi rite dolorem.


Ah quantum fuit exactis mutata diebus :
Nunc didici quantum visu pretiosa videtur.
Dicere nam possum infido non amplius ore,
" Altera forte meae melior sit semita plantae."

Tempora perque futura mihi sit sola voluntas,
Ut, me qui noscat, mihi praeparet omnia Christus :
Sors quaecunque mihi Domini mittatur amore
Accipio laetè, quia finis noscitur Illo.

London, December, 1895. (Aet. 74.)



TRANSLATION OF LONGFELLOW'S
"THE OLD HOUSE BY THE LINDENS."

LMORUM domus antiquâ jacet abdita in umbrâ :
Lux per arenatam ludit, ut ante, viam.
Nutricisque fenestra leves aperitur in auras :
Infantis facies quô sit amata mei ?


Quos grandis canis exiguos expectat amicos
Ad portam, hos iterum ludere Parca vetat :
Nec magis ulmorum dulci spatiuntur in umbrâ,
Nec magis exiguis vocibus aula sonat.

Undique tristitia, et lugenda silentia, regnant,
Atque super totam decidit umbra domum :
Suaviter ut cantant volucres ex arboris arce,
Tristis in antiquum mente recurro melos.

Voces dilectas puerorum rursus in aures
Patris portabunt somnia sola meas.
Qui puer adstabat comitans, intelligit aegrè
Arctè cur pressit dextra mea usque suam.

London, 1895.

TRANSLATION OF WESLEY'S
"COME LET US JOIN OUR FRIENDS ABOVE."

OBIS amicos jungere in coelo choros
Cedatur, oh ! si premium,
Nam coelum adepti, quique in hōc mundo manent,
Omnes eodem serviunt.

Gens una in illo vivimus, et Ecclesia
Est una subter et supra,
Divisa quamvis flumine in paucas dies
Sit una pars ab alterâ.

Viventis unus est exercitus Dei,
Illius in jussum movens :
Pars agminis transivit aequoris vada,
Et una pars in transitu.

O ! si liceret vadere ad nostrum ducem,
Beata si sonet tuba,
Appareas si, Christe, dividens aquas,
Et detur in coelo quies !

London, 1895.

TRANSLATION OF
LORD HOUGHTON'S "THE VIOLET GIRL."

DUM fuit in vicis urbis mihi semita, vidi,
Quae misera in pluviis illic sedet usque puella.
Nuda pedes, pallensque genas, et sordida vestem,
Dum carpta in manibus violarum sarta tenebat.

Frigidus instat hiems, sed flores porrigit illa :
Corda viatorum conatur voce movere.
O ! quam triste, loco spectare videtur eodem
Florentes violas, deflorentemque puellam !

Luxuriantis humi, terraeque tropaea feracis,
Gaudia deliciasque homini dant illa beato :
Haec sine spe maerens per devia limina vitae
Errat, et infelix misero certamine marcet.

Dant mihi purpureae violae, quas naribus hausì,
Gaudium odoriferum praesens, revocantque peractum.
Infortunatae mediis in sordibus adsunt
Pauca necessaria, et foedae nutrimina vitae.

O ! post horarum jejunia tristia, quando
Ad miserum redeat foedum, frigensque, cubile,
Quam male odoratae violae gustabit odorem,
Quae mensâ restet non ullo emptore superstes !

"THE VIOLET GIRL."

Sylvestri potius maneat, pereantque, recessu
Pignora venturi violae dulcissima veris,
Quam vivant curis ita tristibus esse ministrae,
Et miserorum operi male subservire dolorum.

Naturae donum non amplius estis amoenum,
Tanta bona importans, promittens tanta futura,
Hostis at humanae gentis magis estis acerbus,
Umbraque, quae tenebris mortalia sordida velas.

London, Christmas, 1895.



VALE!

Io ripenso sovente
Le amène piagge, O Nice,
Dové vivéa felice,
Quando vivéa con Te.

LISTEN, my Heavenly Muse ; to Thee I bring
My latest offering from Thy sacred spring :
In age's lateness cast me not away,
Thou, who hast lived with me for many a day ;
For more than sixty years, who on the throne
Of my poor heart hast sate, and sits alone.
Whether in Indian solitary rides
Far from my kinsfolk, and all friends besides ;
In midnight-musing by the moonlit sea,
When thoughts fly off from earth to Heaven and Thee ;
Whether midst strife of men, on bed of pain,
Thou hast to me been my unequalled gain.
For I have lived two lives, and do not know,
Which was the real and which the outward show :
One striving to work out Heaven's wise decree
In this short life, and one alone with Thee.
To Thee alone my secrets have I told :
My aspirations I to Thee unfold :
Blessing my board, my desk, Thy presence seems
To shed a glory o'er my peaceful dreams.

As to Odysseus in his wanderings wide
Athéné deigned to be his constant guide,
So in my wanderings, and all journeys past,
Thou wert my ancient friend from first to last :
Whether my thoughts go back to classic lore,
Or to my weary tasks on India's shore ;

Whether I gather gold in Orient mine,
 Or chant aloud some Persian ode divine,
 Or cull romantically in idle hour
 Of every clime and every time the flower,
 Ope treasures of the past with daring hand,
 Or raise the veil of future Fairy-Land.
 With Thee I've listened, while the Brahmins pray,
 Or holy Buddha shows his "Noble Way";
 Or where the proud Mahometans in line
 Offer their daily prayers to Power Divine.
 With Thee through History's Chart a line I've drawn
 Up to the dawning of Creation's morn;
 And Thou the centre of each joy hast been,
 Charm of each place, and Genius of each scene,
 Wakening the memory, opening wide the door
 Of thoughts heaped up in Eton's sacred store,
 When first I wooed Thee, and first found Thee kind,
 Thoughtless of cares and woes, that shake mankind.
 Thy sympathetic whisper in my dream
 Recalls fresh garlands plucked by Ganges' stream.
 In stately form Thou hast stood by my chair,
 Or in my Indian garden's cool parterre;
 Of city crowds amidst the ceaseless din
 Thy still small voice has cheered my heart within.
 Oh! let the ignorant crowd in hope divine,
 Light holy lamps before their favourite shrine;
 But let me be Thy faithful devotee,
 My loving heart burn like a lamp to Thee.

Now at the age of three-score ten and five
 Alone with Thee to live I hope, and strive:

VALE!

Thee, whom I loved in boyhood's happy hours,
To Thee devoting my unfolding powers ;
Thee, whom I loved in manhood's full career,
Passing the love of wife, or children dear :
Words taught by Thee with heavenly hope still glow ;
Thou whispered comfort in the hour of woe :
While other powers decay, Thou dost not wane ;
Alone with Thee I feel quite young again.
When earthly honours like a shadow passed,
I clasped Thee to my breast, my own at last.
And as I older grew, my own dear Muse
Taught me new hopes, and new desires, to choose :
As by our works alone we shall be known,
We must not live to please ourselves alone ;
For life's short span is lent for toil, and then
Love to our God, Love to our Fellow-men.
When hundreds fell around on battlefield,
Thou o'er my head didst spread Thy gracious shield ;
And when in Peace the fell assassin's blow
My Chief, and my Subordinate, struck low,
I stood unharmed : and so it seems to me,
Serving my fellow-creatures I serve Thee.

The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
No longer now my thoughts with Thee shall share :
I feel Thee standing by me, Fairest Flower,
Blooming in sweetest Youth's eternal power :
I feel Thee guide my pen, while I rehearse
To Thee my efforts, now in prose, now verse.
Though fickle Fortune never smiled on me,
What would my life have been, if 'reft of Thee ?

VALE!

I know no change : Thou hast o'er me a spell ;
I cannot, dearest Muse, bid Thee Farewell.

Scarce had I written this : the echoes bring
The last vibration of a broken string ;
While in myself I feel a fibre part,
As if the wrench asunder of a heart.
With Thee in youth my earthly path I've trod ;
With Thee in age my Soul mounts up to God,
Seeking my Saviour ; feeling in my heart
That Thou, my Muse, the Holy Spirit art.
Illuminate my vision : I can see
In every age no other Power but Thee :
In every clime through Thee good men adored
Brahma, or Baal, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord :
Inspired by Thee the Magi saw afar
In the East rising the Bethlehem Star :
Ages and generations still proclaim
The same great Father with a different name.
Thou o'er Creation's waters once did move,
Emblem of Order, Providence, and Love :
Thou satest on men's heads in fiery tongue,
When the new Gospel into life outsprung :
My eyes now open, and I know full well
In hearts of man the Spirit deigns to dwell.
Poor Human Reason many roads may see,
Which lead to Heaven, but all verge in Thee.
When I look back on all my devious ways,
No thoughts I find but those of Thanks and Praise.

London, February 24, 1896. (Act. 75.)

**LINES TO A YOUNG LADY WHO DID ME THE
HONOUR OF BEING BORN ON MY FIFTY-
FIRST BIRTHDAY.**

(In a letter to me she remarked: "I wonder if I shall have to wait such a weary time as fifty years before 'Earth breaks up, and Heaven expands.'")

LADY, recall those words; you do not know
The blessings, which your onward path attend:
Learn in humility your head to bow,
And take with gratitude what God may send.

"Not to be born" seems the best lot to me:
"If born," as soon as may be, let me die:
But if I live, Christ, let me live to Thee,
And to do something for my neighbour try.

Learn that to love the Lord with heart and soul
Is better far than Honour, Power, or Pelf:
And what is that, which makes man's Duty whole,
Except to love one's neighbour as one's self?

Some blossom early, and His tender care,
Ere sin can blight, bestows the sweetest doom,
To be transplanted to a purer air,
There in youth's glory evermore to bloom.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

Some hope to strive amidst the brave and strong,
To fill some worthy space in God's great plan,
To fight His battle in the busy throng,
And do, and suffer, all that Christians can.

Perhaps to the wilderness God them allures,
Casts all their schemes of pleasing service down ;
To pain and solitude their soul inures,
Or deigns to weave for them a Martyr's crown.

The holy, useful, blessed, peaceful, years,
To some work sweetly out their soothing powers :
Gently years flow along midst smiles and tears,
While each leaves something to recall past hours.

O ye, who stand in trembling doubts and fears
On the sad lower side of seventy-five,
Think how we pity youthful sighs and tears,
While we count up our joys, and cease to strive.

Entranced by fickle Hope, Youth peeps behind
Of the dim Future the half-opened door,
In thought appropriating what it can find
Of Sweet, or Good, or Beautiful, in store.

Taught by experience Manhood knows too well
The sad, the tear-stained, course of Human Life ;
Of Pain, and Death, the oft-repeated knell ;
Affections crossed, Love crushed, and ceaseless strife.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care ;
The crave for things, which never satisfy ;
The fond desires, which youthful bosoms tear,
Are, like our worn-out garments, long put by.

To count by years and days He does not deign :
One thousand years are nothing in His sight.
The Proclamation of Victoria's reign
Seems to us just as something done last night.

The world seems to recede and disappear :
Freedom from Human cares the spirit feels :
O'er hearts, in which of Death there is no fear,
The Peace, which passes understanding, steals.

At dawn we cry : " Thy Holy Name be blest ;
Oh ! sanctify our unexhausted powers ! "
And, when we sink in, maybe, our last rest,
" Thank Thee for holy, happy, golden, hours ! "

When the day brightens, we are pondering how
Our Human debt of love we best can pay :
At sunset there is light : our heads we bow,
And sigh to think, that we have lost a day.

Before our downcast eyes in calm serene,
Deigning through life our hope and stay to be,
Stands One Great Holy Figure, dimly seen :
" Welcome," He cries, " you long have worked with me."

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.


Talk not of Buddha, and his "Noble Way,"
Nor seek Nirvána, which no cares can mar :
Nobler in Christ to suffer, work, and pray ;
And oh ! to die in Christ is better far.

And so when gazing on the fire by night,
On what has been, or might have been, you muse,
Fold up your dreams of fancy and delight,
And take with gratitude what He may choose.

London, November, 1896. (Aet. 75.)

*TRANSLATION OF LINES OF THE FRENCH
POET CORNEILLE TO A YOUNG LADY, WHO
LAUGHED AT HIS AGED FIGURE.*

"Marquise, si ma visage."

 E senem spernas, quia foeda rugis
Tempora invadunt nivei capilli :
Nam fui quondam quasi Tu, Tibique
Sors eadem astat.

At mihi diviniore est potestas :
Audiet Te forte fuisse pulchram,
In meo cantu quia Ego ipse dixi,
Senior aetas.

London, 1897.

THE CHRISTIAN NIRVANA.



H! set me free from Human care,
From Human pleasure too :
Let me be kind and humble,
Gentle, and meek, and true.

Cherish no secret low desire,
No hatred, and no fear :
Take all events, as they transpire,
As Thy great purpose here.

Love all things in this beauteous world,
Find not in them delight :
Be free from lust, and anger,
From envy, greed, and spite.

Let me be very penitent,
And thankful for the Past,
Contented with the Present,
On Thee the Future cast.

Ready to stay, or to depart,
According to Thy Will ;
Take then my undivided heart,
And work Thy purpose still.

THE CHRISTIAN NIRVĀNA.

Forgiving every wrong,
By chance, or evil mind :
In serving others daily
My greatest pleasure find.

That all the world are fools
Except one's self is true,
So suffer others gladly,
And they will suffer you.

Each day do some one service,
Each day for some one pray :
If here by chance you fail,
Feel that you've lost a day.

Life is a hopeless puzzle,
Where joys and sorrows blend ;
But each day brings us nearer,
To our life's journey's end.

We know not where we go,
For no one e'er came back ;
But this is best we know,
To be on Jesu's track.

So for your fellow-creatures
To do some kindness try :
If life has no real purpose,
'T is better far to die.

THE CHRISTIAN NIRVĀNA.

If others rise to fame,
And you have honour none,
What matters in a name,
If good work has been done !

So never sell your talents ;
Work not for grovelling pelf :
For work seek not reward ;
The work rewards itself.

Your gifts were given freely :
Freely give back your store :
Bear all rebuking meekly ;
If undeserved, still more.

For why was your life spared,
And others called away ?
Because the Great Controller
Thought good, that you should stay.

A corner in His Vineyard
Was kept for you to till :
A post of Human kindness
Ordained for you to fill.

All have their work to do,
But, when that work is done,
Rejoicing homeward go !
The hour God knows alone.

THE CHRISTIAN NIRVANA.

Let me while Life remaineth,
Work on with all my power,
Just as a daily labourer
Toils till the Sunset hour !

When the Evening Light is shining,
Let me make my last puff,
And cry without repining,
“ I have lived long enough.”

London, February 24, 1897. (Act. 76.)

VALE ! AETERNUM VALE !



